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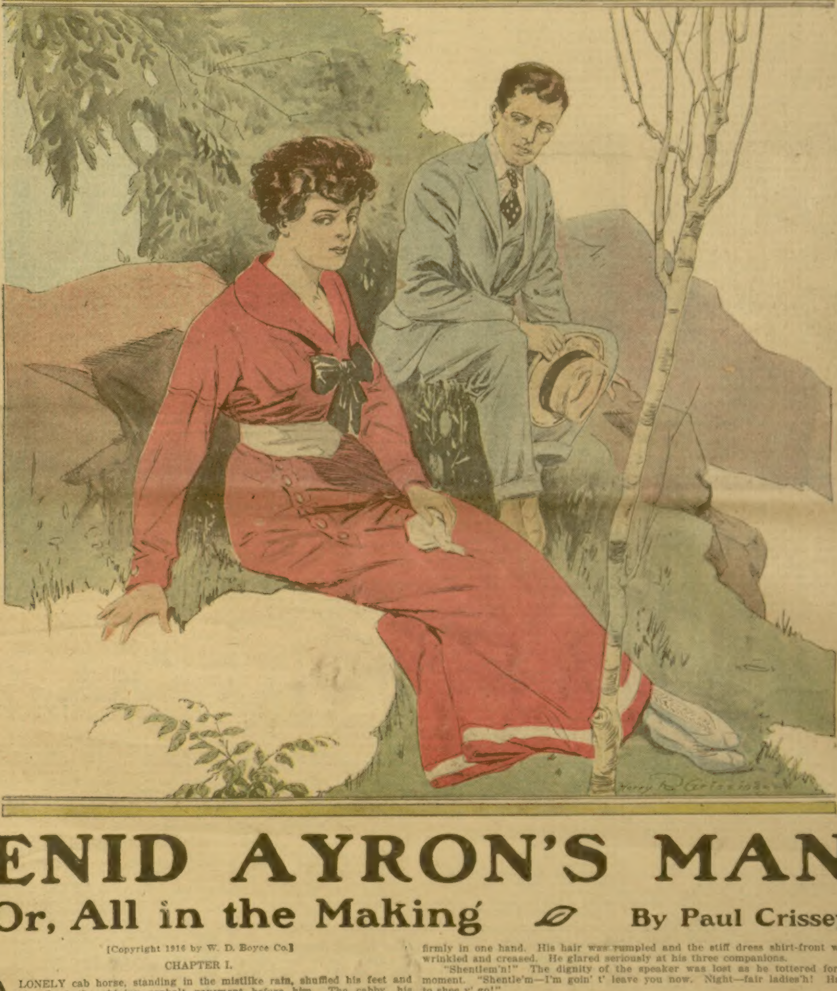

ENID AYRON'S MAN

Or, All in the Making

By Paul Crissey

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CHAPTER I.

A LONELY cab horse, standing in the mistlike rain, shuffled his feet and stared at the shining asphalt pavement before him. The cabby, his master, sat huddled in his waterproof and eyed the straggling passers-by with a hawklike eye—or rather with an owlish eye, for the hour was late.

The doors of the cafe just across the sidewalk were dim without, but upon the inside they reflected the blaze of light that glared unceasingly into the faces of the men and women who were drinking there. At one table, a little apart from the noisier throng, sat four men, one of them in evening clothes. Near by, on an otherwise unoccupied chair lay a hat and coat, while on the floor in close proximity stood a many-labeled suitcase with the earmarks of the world plastered on its tan sides.

The man in evening dress rose to his feet, a half-filled glass held none too firmly in one hand. His hair was rumpled and the stiff dress shirt-front was wrinkled and creased. He glared seriously at his three companions.

"Shentlem'n!" The dignity of the speaker was lost as he tottered for a moment. "Shentle'm—I'm goin' t' leave you now. Night—fair ladies'h! Hate to shee y' go!"

His voice raised to a higher pitch, and he stared gravely down into the mock-serious faces before him. It was an interesting, but not a pleasant spectacle. However, the extreme gentlemanliness of the men at the table preserved the situation from being downright vulgar. An outsider, if he had happened along at that precise moment, would have thought the man's attitude a bit of poor acting. Another, more familiar with the ways of New York's night society, would have said that the man in evening dress was most unused to his present condition. But the laborious speech was continued amid many side remarks from the others at the table.

"Can't tell you how much I'sh enjoyshedishenntertainm't," he slurred, and as he spoke two maudlin tears ran down his cheeks. "Hate t' go. Honeshtly do—but musht—musht." His mouth rolled around as if he enjoyed the feeling of the word. "Musht!" he reiterated. "Gotta go'way."

His head rolled from one side to the other, and the three other men at the table exchanged glances.

"I imagine it's up to me," volunteered a short heavy-set man with a closely cropped beard. "I asked him in. Now I shall ask him out—or rather help him out."

"He needs it," returned one of his companions, with dry humor.

"It's up to you, Doc," said the third man, ponderously. "It's been quite a diversion, I'll admit. But I think it would be fair if we left his future, his immediate future, to you."

The doctor nodded, scratched his chin for a moment, and his eye twinkled. "I wonder if we'll ever see him again," he mused. "He looked so lonely when he was leaving the hotel, I couldn't help but ask him to join us. He's evidently a foreigner."

"He is English, evidently," he agreed. "Nice sort of a chap. But he's gone wrong, that's evident." He emphasized the last word and laughed shortly.

"Maybe he's a duke or an earl," suggested the man who sat next to the doctor. He sipped his wine eagerly.

The doctor laughed heartily and leaned back in his chair. He examined his well-dressed guest closely. The doctor's small, sharp eyes and his hirsute ornaments seemed so arranged that the details of his features were purposely concealed. His eyebrows covered that portion of his eyes not already lost under his shaggy hair, while his beard and mustache totally eclipsed the lines about his mouth, chin and lower part of face. He pulled slowly on his cigarette.

"No," he said slowly, "he isn't an earl or a duke, but he is a remittance man. He's traveled some. His suitcase shows it. He's well educated—and he's a gentleman. But as you say, Collins, he's gone wrong—that's evident!"

The man at his elbow interrupted sharply.

"Get him out, Doc. He's thru for tonight. He'll be asleep in another moment."

"I 'musht,'" mimicked the doctor, and he called to the waiter. "Get me my hat and coat and call a cab."

He tapped the Englishman on the shoulder.

"Come," he said quietly. "It's time to go."

The young man slouched further down in his chair.

"Can't get away," he muttered, with drunken stubbornness.

"But we must go," insisted the doctor, with a wink at his companions, who were watching his actions gravely. "We must go—they're going to close the place."

"You're liar!" muttered the stupefied guest.

The doctor flushed angrily. "Come on!" he ordered roughly. "Get into your coat."

With the help of the waiter and the struggling physician, the lithe body of the man from across the water was finally dressed for the street, and lurching like a ship in a trough of the sea, the pair started for the doorway.

The sleepy cab horse awoke from his dream of a warm stall and plenty of oats, and started off with his burden. Inside the smelly cab the doctor angrily questioned the man whom he had entertained as his guest.

"Where are you going?" he queried.

"S'no mazzer," muttered the Englishman. "Anywhere you shay—does'hn't mazzer bit to me, you're the bosh."

He laid his head comfortably on the physician's arm and went to sleep. Several times the doctor tried to get some information from his snoring companion, then he gave it up. Seizing the speaking tube he called up the driver.

"Grand Central station." Then he gave his attention to the intoxicated man. His fingers sought the heavy pocketbook just inside the Englishman's coat, and as the cab came into a blaze of light he counted out several bills from the roll which belonged to his guest.

Five minutes later, with an air of determination, he steadied his companion before the ticket window, and bought, with the Englishman's money, a ticket for the coast. Then he bundled the reeling figure into the arms of a Pullman porter and sped back down the platform. The cab was still waiting for him, and he plunged within its shelter.

"Back to Boyle's," he called to the driver, and the horse pattered down the street.

With a sigh of relief the bearded man thrust his hand in his pocket and removed the purse which it held. Eagerly he opened it, and a cry of astonishment escaped from his lips. There was not a dollar in the purse!

"You idiot!" he raged at himself. "I put his money in my purse and then put my purse in his pocket before I turned him over to the porter."

He ground his teeth angrily, and was about to throw the leather receptacle from him when he happened to notice a slip of paper in one of the sheath-like compartments. Lighting a match, the doctor spread the paper before him and began to read.

"This will identify to the cashier of the Bowlan Trust Association Mr. Searl Cranston, of Dover, who will arrange to collect monthly his remittance of 60 pounds sterling as formerly arranged by Witten and Bangor, at Dover."

The letter of introduction was signed by a J. Cleaver Cranston, evidently a relative of the intoxicated Englishman.

The doctor smiled to himself. The cab came to a stop, and the horse's head dropped to its usual position midway between his two front legs. The doctor looked at the door across the sidewalk and smiled again.

"If they suspected," he ruminated thoughtfully, "I wonder if they'd still be so cordial." He almost laughed aloud, then added, "But with this beard off—they might mistake me for our intoxicated friend. Identification is easy, and —sixty pounds each month!"

His face was wreathed with smiles when he joined the other men later.

"He's gone—to Denver. May he have fame and fortune!"

The doctor, the thin man, and the heavy man raised their glasses in serious silence.

And meanwhile, snoring loudly, and with certain occasional variations, in a berth of the Pullman car that went straight thru to Denver, lay Searl Cranston, being whizzed away to a place of which he had never heard.

And Fortune, who for some time had been unresponsive to this careless young man's insistent calls, turned over in her deathbed and favored him with one fleeting smile.

CHAPTER II.

FAR up on either side of the little cabin rose the bluff faces of Bear Hill and Mineral Mound, two small tho practically inaccessible upheavals of stone and earth. Down the level canyon the few houses and stores of the village could be seen, and in the doorway of the cabin stood its owner, James Ayron, a prospector who had long since given up hope.

The burnished edges of the sun were barely visible above the range to the west, and the glow of that fast disappearing light reflected itself on the weary countenances of the prospector. He rubbed a calloused hand across his broad forehead and pushed back his hair.

"It ain't for me tuh complain," he whispered to the hills, "but it shore is a long wait." His weary eyes rested on the cluster of buildings, now barely discernible in the quickening evening, and his mouth trembled weakly.

Ayron was a big man, of rawbone and sinew, but he was weak as men are ofttimes weak. His strong physique lacked the backing of an aggressive will, and his thoughts were more often set to figuring out how he could avoid friction rather than laying plans for attack. He had been beaten and bruised by successive failures, and after a varied and rather useless life he suddenly found himself upon the threshold of that room commonly used for—failure! He had punched cattle, had once been one of the best range bosses on Double Two—and there had been happy. Then had come the gold fever. He had married a quiet little woman who had a wholesome regard for his physical strength. They had seen their children come into the world and grow up. And yet he had never succeeded. The man, without stamina, had slipped here and there, until he no longer missed the foothold necessary to a man with a family.

But over this weakness Ayron himself was the one most troubled. Grimly and desperately he had tried to make himself believe that his useless endeavors were more the result of an underhanded fate, rather than a lack in his make-up. But inwardly he knew the truth. He was not a man.

A quiet step behind him caused him to turn suddenly, and his arm encircled the waist of a delicate girl who had come out from the cabin. She had a wistful look in her eyes, and, like her father, she too stared intently down the valley toward the town.

A faint train whistle cut the evening air, and the man, with a cry of despair, wheeled suddenly about and strode into the cabin. The girl followed him silently. He buried his face in his hands and groaned.

"It don't make much difference," said the girl slowly, almost sullenly. "Today—or tomorrow!"

"It's been that way for three days now," broke in Ayron. "She didn't come when she said she would. Maybe—she's afraid to come back!" There was bitterness in his tone.

Sparks of fire smoldered in the girl's eyes before she answered. They quickly died out, however, leaving a trace of scorn on her lips.

"Not she!" Hilda responded. "She isn't afraid of nothing around here."

"Only bein' poor," amended her father, with another groan.

"Nor even that," retorted Hilda Ayron, with spirit. "It was a fool idea, anyhow, to send her way off down there, just to—to find—him!"

Her father looked up in surprise.

"But I thought you wanted him—found," he repeated in amazement. "I raked and scraped so's she'd be able t' go—and now you don't seem t' care whether she's found him 'r not. That ain't bein' grateful."

The girl caught her breath suddenly.

"I am grateful," she said quickly, "but I do hate t' have you pick on Enid when she's doing her best. She'll come back—and don't you forget it."

James Ayron nodded. "Yes," he repeated slowly. "She'll come back. She is like her mother," he added softly. Then, with a quick, almost hungry movement, he caught Hilda's slender figure in his arms and brought her close to him.

"Th' skunk!" he breathed. "T' marry my little gal and then run away. If I——"

"That's enough," said his daughter, sharply. "You had your chance t' make him sweat, and you didn't do it. Now you breathe fire and threaten him with all sorts of things. I just want him back t' tell him all my promises was lies. I told him I loved him. I didn't. He ain't worth it. But I sure would like to tell him so."

Her eyes snapped and she looked far from being her father's daughter. But the flash of spirit was gone in an instant. Her contempt was indescribable.

"I know, I know," said the man in a whisper. "Ef I'd 'a' done my duty he'd have gone off with a .45 in his chest. But I—I ain't never shot a man, Hilda, an' somehow I can't do it." Ayron looked pathetic. He was not a coward. But he did lack initiative. Then suddenly he bethought himself of the younger of his flock.

"Where's th' boys?" he asked.

"They went out hunting," his daughter answered briefly.

Ayron was about to ask further questions when two young boys entered the cabin and deposited their guns in a corner.

"Git anything?" asked Ayron.

Fred shook his head.

"We run a badger into his hole up on Mineral Mound, but we didn't get him. Worked nearly all the afternoon a-cuttin' a hole for the dog, but we didn't get done a'fore it was too late to smoke th' beast out."

He dug around in his pockets for a moment and finally produced, from a store of other useless treasures, a piece of rock which he fingered for a moment.

"Is this here any good, pa?" he asked.

Ayron reached over for the splinter of ore and held it in his hand for a moment.

"Light the lamp, Hilda," he ordered.

The yellow beams from the oil burner fell across his face and his eyes narrowed to mere slits as he closely examined the streaked rock in his hand. For a moment his hand trembled, and then in a voice perfectly calm he said:

"Fool's gold! I've struck heaps of it lately. Tain't wo'th nothing." He put the stone in his pocket.

"Supper's ready," called Hilda, suddenly.

And Ayron smiled as he bent over his food.

Three hours later, assuring himself that the family was asleep, the gaunt figure of the prospector crept down from the loft where he slept, and glided silently across to a locker which stretched along the floor under the only window in the room. He pulled up the cover and groped inside, then stealthily lit a candle.

"It wouldn't do for th' boys t' know," he muttered to himself. And shaking his head like some huge starved animal he pulled the bit of rock from his pocket and examined it minutely. From a bottle which sat beside him he poured a few drops on the yellow, glistening streak that stretched in a wavering line thru the center of the quartz. With all of his strength exerted he managed to throttle the cry that rose to his lips, then he sank back with his eyes glistening like some animal at bay. His nostrils distended and contracted, and his claw-like hands clutched at the rough blanket which covered the locker.

"It's gold!" he breathed to himself. "It's gold!" He shuddered with delight and caressed the bit of quartz in his hand, then suddenly his frame stiffened.

BE SURE and read Paul Crissey's great story of love and fighting and a real girl and a gold mine, in this issue, entitled, "**ENID AYRON'S MAN**; or, **ALL IN THE MAKING.**" Look out for "**THE LADY AND THE FIGHTER,**" in next week's Ledger, which will be the Fourth of July issue and full of patriotism and good things. Then be sure and get the July 8th issue, which will contain another of J. Breckenridge Ellis' splendid detective stories, entitled, "**KEENEYES' SOLUTION**; or, **THE SOUTH GROVE MYSTERY.**" This is one of the best of the wonderful "Keeneyes" stories. Don't let it get by you. A lot of astonishingly fine stories are on the way to Ledger readers. Send in your subscriptions.

"But they shan't know," he muttered to himself. "They shan't know. I've lost before. I mustn't tell."

Whispering to himself he crept from the room, first extinguishing the light and closing the door softly behind him. It was but a moment's walk to the stable, and he threw the saddle on the horse almost before it had risen to its knees. Ayron's hands were trembling, but he threaded the bridle strap thru the buckle and led the animal down a few rods from the cabin. Then he sprang into the saddle and trotted away.

Several hours later he reined up in front of the recorder's office in Tellerode. Day was breaking, and the Government recorder of claims was splashing about in a basin of water at the rear of his office. Ayron called him. It took but a moment to tell his errand.

"Record one of them fer me," he instructed eagerly. "T'other fer my daughter Enid, and t'other fer Hilda."

Then he signed the papers and galloped away with the knowledge that three claims reserved by him had been duly entered in the names which he had signified.

The recorder looked at the flying pony's heels and smiled to himself. Half an hour later he strolled into the poolroom where a crowd of prospectors were gathered bemoaning their luck.

"Ayron's struck a big pay streak in Little Tellerode," he announced without emotion. "He rode nearly all night t' git his claims recorded."

There was a rush of air and heavy-shod feet made the board walk in front of the poolroom groan with its burden. Ten minutes later Big Tellerode was empty, with the exception of the grinning recorder and the profane poolroom manager who had suddenly lost his customers.

The badger little suspected that by nightfall he would be routed from his lair on Mineral Mound by the thundering explosions of dynamite. For Mr. Badger had been sleeping peacefully in one of the biggest pay streaks in the Tellerode country. His home was lined with gold.

It was a stampede that morning, and over the big divide came the rushing gold-seekers.

Even the poolroom proprietor sniffed a "big strike"—and he followed the crowd.

CHAPTER III.

THE long scream of the brakes on the Denver train broke into the loglike sleep of the man in lower nine, and he opened his eyes wide on the shiny surface of the upper berth which spread over him a scant two feet above his head. For several minutes he glared at the heavy curtains that sheltered him from the aisle, then the train gave a lurch and the young man raised his head.

Perhaps the process of reasoning that shot thru Searl Cranston's mind when he finally realized that he was on a train was too intricate to be diagnosed, but he was assured of one thing, and that was the fact that no headache had followed his night's carousal. He called the porter, when he had dressed, and had him make up his berth. Meanwhile he exhausted his memory concerning the events of the night before. The thought occurred to him that possibly the porter might be able to supply some information.

"By the way, George," he said quietly, "when did I come aboard?"

The porter grinned in a friendly fashion and winked at the young man.

"'Bout 'leben o'clock," he answered.

"Alone?"

"No, sah, dere was a gentleman wiff you. Had long mustache an' little short chin whiskers. He gabe me yoh ticket an' tol' me to take ca'h ob yoh." George grinned again. "An' I shore did have to take ca'h ob yoh last night," he added reminiscently.

Searl Cranston colored. "Was I——?"

"Yoh wus!" laughed the darky. "Berry much so, sah. Didn't know yoh head fum yoh feet." He laughed heartily. "An' cuss—whew! Yoh cussed la'ke a trooper." Cranston listened to this bit of description in cold silence.

"And George," he queried, "where am I going?"

The colored man looked around in surprise.

"Where ah yoh going?" he repeated.

"Exactly. Where does my ticket read to?"

George allowed a look of awe to spread over his ebony features.

"Denver," he answered briefly, and pocketing the change which the young Englishman gave him, he walked rapidly off, muttering to himself something about people who "nevah did know nothin' nohow."

Searl Cranston leaned back in his seat and watched the rapidly changing landscape. He now remembered the kindly faced man with the Van Dyke who had asked him to join his "stag" party. He further remembered that he had been intoxicated. Perhaps——

He put his hand in his pocket. His purse was there, and with a sigh of relief he pulled it out.

But it was not his purse. He opened it rapidly and counted the money he found there. Some few bills were missing. Also his identification papers from his father's banker were gone. He emptied the leather receptacle in his lap and hastily looked over its contents. There were a few business cards, some addresses and papers that contained little or no information. But one thing only looked as if it might furnish him a clew. It was a photograph, a small one, of a smooth-shaven man. There was no name on the back.

Cranston shook his head gloomily. "There's no use trying to remember that face," he told himself decidedly, "for the simple reason that I never saw it before." With this conclusive remark he shut up the purse and put it back in his pocket with a sigh of relief. To find that his money was intact was one thing to be grateful for, even tho his remittance might not be forthcoming.

Then he gave himself entirely over to meditation. He was a young man, and this unexpected trip to a portion of a country he had never heard of somewhat threw him off his bearings. A trifle chagrined at himself, he remembered that he had resolved to stay in New York where there were lights in plenty, and where the time of his enforced exile might be most pleasantly spent. And furthermore, he had intended to live only on his remittance. He could do so very comfortably. But his plans, thanks to the man with the Van Dyke beard, had been almost irreparably shattered.

True, he might write or wire the New York bank to stop any payment on his remittance, but for the life of him he could not recall the name of the bank. He gazed out at the fast changing hills and the low mountain ranges. He was in the West! It was a new country.

"What a fool I was!" he commented savagely.

"I quite agree with you," broke in a cool, decisive voice from the seat across the aisle.

Cranston started guiltily. He was not aware that he had spoken aloud. A resolve to let the remark pass unnoticed was hastily thrust aside by an overwhelming desire on his part for conversation. So he smiled frankly across the aisle at the young woman who had so startled him.

"You must pardon me," she said hurriedly, "but I couldn't resist that impulse. Besides, it's rather lonely to ride for two whole days without company."

Cranston bowed formally. "You mustn't think me rude," he answered impulsively, "but you startled me so that I had hard work to collect my thoughts." He looked anxiously at the vacant seat beside her, she nodded assent at the appeal. He sat down eagerly. "It is lonesome," he agreed, and she smiled politely.

Conversation lagged. Finally Cranston remembered a remark she made.

"You said you have been riding two days and a night?"

"Yes," she answered, and he thought he detected a twinkle in her eyes.

"On this train?" he persisted.

"Yes."

Cranston leaped to his feet with a smothered ejaculation on his lips.

"What day is today?" he asked blankly.

"Monday," she replied. And her companion leaned back and laughed heartily.

"And I've slept one whole night and nearly two days!"

"I am glad to know that you were sleeping," remarked the young woman, mischievously, "for the language that came from lower nine since we left New York wasn't the sort that men who are in full possession of their faculties usually use."

Cranston's face colored a deep scarlet.

"The truth of the matter is," he began, "I was——"

"I saw you—saw them bring you in," the girl finished quietly. "But as for the language you used—I am used to that."

The young Englishman looked at her with a keen surprise, almost disappointment in his face.

"I mean," she elaborated hastily, "that I have heard much of it. I have lived on a ranch and in a mining camp." With this explanation she settled down and examined her companion closely.

Cranston was of medium height, with laughing lips and a jaw that betrayed no little will of his own. But on the whole, his character, thru his appearance, convinced one that no definite occupation had yet claimed him. But in spite of his detached air and lack of seriousness, Enid Ayron could not help admiring him. What had prompted her to speak to him she could not herself have told, but she knew intuitively that she would be safe in his company. Used to the rather free manner of the mining camp at Little Tellerode, she did not tarry to enlist him in her cause—that of companionship; and as for Searl Cranston himself, he was thankful for a break in the monotony.

"We're getting close to home," she ventured once, when the foothills began to loom up in the distance again. "It even smells good." She smiled at him, and he leaned over and raised the window for it.

"You know," she continued, "you don't act like an Englishman—I mean, you seem to have an intuition. Englishmen aren't supposed to have any accomplishments as useful as that, are they?"

Searl laughed heartily. "How did you know I was English?"

"Because," answered Enid Ayron, "I could tell."

His boyish laugh rang thru the Pullman.

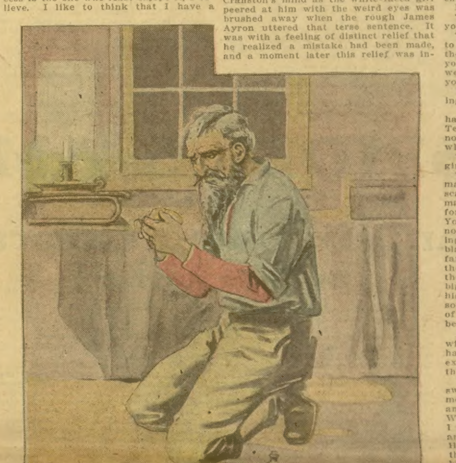
"But you're wrong," he told her confidently. "I'm an American, tho I've never lived in this country. My father and mother went to England, where I was born. They always intended to return, but they became involved in the social game over there, and could never find time to return. However, they one and all agreed that the United States was the only place for me to get a start." He laughed rather bitterly.

"Did you want to come?" she asked quietly.

He shook his head.

"They couldn't have hired me to," he answered briefly. "I have not been a success," he continued lightly, "but that's no reason why I should always fail—is it?"

"It's quite a good reason why you should succeed," she answered. "I've—failed, too, but I hope for ultimate success. My father's failed, but he is all thru even hoping. I don't believe in that. The person who is assured of success is the one who least enjoys it, I believe. I like to think that I have a chance for something better all the time. I'd rather see nothing develop into something than a little into everything."



"It's gold!" he breathed to himself, "Its gold!"

Cranston nodded. "I think that way, too," he replied seriously, "but you have a neat way of describing it." He smiled. "I guess I'd make a good subject for that 'nothing plus something' equation."

There was a silence, in which the lithe brown figure by his side took big draughts of the air that whisked in from the low ranges as the train rushed along. Suddenly she turned to him.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

Cranston started.

"I—er—haven't quite decided," he replied, for he could not, somehow, find courage to tell the girl that he was planning to return to New York to continue the monotonous program—one number of which she had partly witnessed.

"Have you ever tried prospecting?" asked Miss Ayron, seriously.

Searl shook his head. "I'm afraid I would be poor pudding at that," he answered ruefully. "Every prospect I ever had was manufactured for me."

"But you might try it."

"I might."

"Where would you go?"

"Where's a good place?"

"Almost anywhere."

"Some town—or station?"

"Well," the woman answered calmly, "Tellerode is said to have opportunities—I mean the range around Tellerode."

He nodded. "Where—where is your father prospecting?"

Enid bit her lip thoughtfully. Then she looked her companion square in the face. His face was serious. It was a new proposition, and somehow he liked the ring of it.

"Little Tellerode," she replied shortly.

The train whizzed on, then suddenly the whistle shrieked out a greeting to a station. Miss Ayron rose hurriedly and started to gather her things together. Cranston, hunched down in his seat, scarcely noticed her, so intent was he on this new phase of life that had so suddenly opened before him. He looked quickly around. The girl was at the end of the car. It must be a quick decision, or——

"Little Tel—erode!" bawled the brakeman.

Cranston stuck his head from the window and saw a crowd of men in the street. One long gaunt figure with a strange fire blazing on his high cheeks strode thru the crowd, and a slender, pale-faced girl followed in his wake. The train jerked to a stop, and the air whistled from the brakes.

Enid stepped to the platform just as her father reached it. He bellowed a greeting, and then, with a little cry, the girl who had followed him pushed past her sister and stood before Cranston.

"So you did find him?" she cried, turning to her sister.

With an angry roar Ayron's hand fell upon Searl Cranston's shoulder.

"You skunk!" he cried.

CHAPTER IV.

THE cold reserve and the sudden sense of danger that flashed thru Searl Cranston's mind as the white-faced girl peered at him with the weird eyes was brushed away when the rough James Ayron uttered that terse sentence. It was with a feeling of distinct relief that he realized a mistake had been made, and a moment later this relief was intensified when he saw Hilda shrink back with a look of fear and disappointment on her face.

"It isn't him," she said slowly; then very consciously she begged his pardon.

Ayron, with shaggy eyebrows lowered, regarded the two for a moment, then his face lighted wonderfully.

"Stranger," he said brusquely, "I reckon we-all made a mistake!" He laughed heartily and for a moment confusion showed itself on the young man's face.

"No harm done at all," protested Cranston, courteously, and then Enid came to a tardy rescue.

"This is Mr.——"

"Cranston," murmured the stranger.

"——Cranston, father. He was very good to me on the train, and I recommended Little Tellerode as a good place to prospect. This is my father, Mr. Ayron," she concluded, then added, "and my sister, Hilda."

The young adventurer bowed graciously and shook hands with Enid's father.

"I wuz plumb mistook," said the latter, as they walked down the valley to the cabin which Cranston could see.

"Hildy thought she—knew you. So I didn't wait, but rushed right in. I——"

"And I'm glad," interrupted Searl, "that I wasn't the man!" He laughed now at the older man's evident confusion.

"Well, you would 'a' been welcome—but I don't believe you'd 'a' had a pleasant time. H'yre's my cabin."

Ayron waved the party to enter, and Cranston, with a queer sense that he was entering the portals of a place he would be more familiar with later, uttered a sigh of relief at reaching the end of his strange journey.

Everything in the little log cabin was in place, and the interior showed distinct care. The lamp chimney had been cleaned, and the bare table at the rear of the room was spotless. No crude arts adorned the walls, for which Cranston, with a feverish impulse to praise everything, thanked his good fortune. He noted with satisfaction that the house was in keeping with the girl. It was evident that refinement, tho limited, was present. Fred took his suitcase and hurriedly deposited it in a corner. Then Mr. Ayron, with open hospitality blazing in his strange eyes, motioned the young man to be seated. Enid, after kissing Hilda several times, quietly joined the circle while her sister gazed from one to the other of the group.

Ayron, his chest puffed out and his brawny hand stretched over one knee, looked at his daughter.

"Yuh didn't find him, huh?" he asked gruffly.

Enid shook her head.

"I tried—tried so hard," she said softly. "I didn't want to come back without him. But the money—was nearly all gone."

Ayron flung his wild head back with a shout.

"Money!! he roared. "Money! Not enough money! Oh, Lawd!"

Enid gazed at him in astonishment.

"Father," she asked quietly, "what do you mean?"

"Mean?" cried James Ayron, leaping to his feet and waving his long arms in the air. "What d' I mean? Let me ask you suthin'. Didn't you take no note as we come 'long down the valley? Didn't you see nothin' diff'rent? Tell me, now."

Enid shook her head. "I noticed nothing," she replied. "Nothing unusual."

"I don't suppose ye saw that camps had sprung up 'tween here an' Little Tellerode! I don't suppose yuh could 'a' noticed that there're four buildings to where we had one afore?"

"But what does it mean?" gasped the girl, now thoroly excited.

The sudden change in her father's manner was alarming. In fact, she could scarcely realize that it was the same man who stood so wildly disheveled before her. When she had left for New York this man was quiet—beaten—with no ambition. The fires of life had seemingly been extinguished, but now they blazed brightly before her like a new-fanned blaze. Where there had been but the bulk of a man before there was now the finished product. She could note the big muscles straining in leash under his browned skin, and she knew that something—something—possibly a taste of success—had rebuilt the man who had been a failure.

As for Cranston, his eyes were shining with the excitement of the moment. He had never tasted poverty, but he could experience a thrill at the old man's enthusiasm.

"It means," replied Ayron, with a sweeping gesture of one big arm, "it means that you and Hilda and me and—and the boys have had our luck at last. We've been poor and ground under, and I wa'nt a man. But I am a man now—and I'm rich—and you are rich—and so's Hilda!" His throaty voice roared about the small room, and Cranston leaped to his feet, the same excitement burning in his own eyes.

"Then you've struck gold!" he cried.

"The biggest, best paying streak in the Big and Little Tellerode Valley!" said Ayron, emphatically. "And it means—it means justice—and plenty fer my little girls."

With eager arms he clasped Enid and Hilda close to him, and his great smile included Cranston and the boys who were oiling his gun in the corner.

A little later Searl crossed the doorstep and strode rapidly down the canyon-like valley. Everywhere on the steep sides of those two ridges of rock were numerous little burrows where men were toiling like bees. The fever was rampant, and the gold-mad men were making their fortunes—and making themselves, in the holes of the hillsides.

Wrestling with mountains, fighting with the lure of the gambling games down in Little Tellerode, was what was hewing men out of the raw material—and Ayron was a man of that making. He had been of cruder stuff. At the thought Cranston bit his lips and fell into a deep reverie. He could see how the touch of fortune and the fight to get it had made Ayron. It was good medicine! Already the English American felt its intangible grasp upon him and his nostrils distended to catch every peculiar scent in the air. But what could it do for him?

Six months before he had answered this question with a yawn and a smile and a shrug of his shoulders. He hadn't cared then, but now——! The grip of The Thing was upon him. He remembered Enid, with her frank expressions and the freely given trust of her friendship.

"I've never met a girl like her," he told himself softly. "But what she wants is a man—not a—well, me."

He smiled as he swallowed his own bitter pill. And then his attention was arrested by a quiet sobbing that was quite close to him. He wheeled about and saw that Enid Ayron was sitting but a few feet from him, with her head buried in her arms, crying softly to herself. A few quick steps and he reached her side.

"I don't know that I should intrude, just now," he apologized gently, "but perhaps I might help you?"

The sobbing continued. Then suddenly the girl looked up.

"I'm just crying because—because I'm happy!"

Cranston started and she laughed, a silvery laugh that floated out from her pursed lips and wrinkled up her tear-washed face.

"You have an odd way of showing joy," said Cranston.

"You don't know women," she retorted.

"No—none like you," he admitted, and she blushed at this. "But why are you so happy—the lucky strike?"

"Not exactly that," she replied, "tho that is part of it. I was crying more on father's account than anything else. He's had a pretty hard time. Luck's gone against him so many times that it nearly ended his—his being a man! But you can see him now! He's changed, oh! so much and it was such a relief to see it that I—I just came out here and cried."

Cranston sat down very thoughtfully.

"Do you like to see men like—like your father? I mean," he amended, "is that the type you prefer?"

She looked at him closely for a while, and then lowered her voice until it was almost a whisper.

"I like spirit," she replied confidently, "and I like father when he is as—well, as he is tonight. Full of fighting vim—I don't mean brawling. He has ambition. He has an object in life. And," here her voice faltered and Cranston bent over so close that her hair brushed his cheek, "and he seemed to care so—so much for Hilda and me!" She looked up at him. "It's not easy for a girl to go thru life without—a mother!"

Cranston nodded soberly.

"I have one," he said, "but from the time I was a little, little bit of a boy I was in charge of a paid nurse. Sounds funny to say that, way out here in this man's country, but it's so. When I saw her it was practically on a social footing—like any of her friends. My father—well, he was much the same way. The result is that I was somewhat of an undesirable. I haven't had anything particular to care for—except myself—and it's easy to become a selfish pig instead of a man under those circumstances."

Enid rose and started down the path.

"I think," she said gravely, "that you have in you the making—the raw material—for the sort of—of a man I like!"

Cranston had decided. But Ayron's voice roared breezily down the canyon toward him. He was waiting in the doorway when he got to the cabin.

"I jest waited t' git a chance t' explain why I called yuh that name down t' th' depot," he said. "Sit down here an' I'll tell you why."

"If you would rather not, Mr. Ayron," interrupted Cranston, "then don't. I desire no explanation. It was a mistake, and we both know it."

"Well, I'm a-goin' t' anyhow," said the prospector. "Y' see, Hilda married a skinny little runt from the city who wuz runnin' some sort o' a health cure near Double Two ranch where I wuz range boss. He hung around for a while, handin' out a string o' words that sounded good, and he plumb had us all excited. Said he had prominence 'n' everything else, and promised t' make my little gal happy. One mornin' she woke up an' he was gone. It's a funny thing, Mr. Cranston, but that put some kinda bug into Hilda's head, an' she says she's never goin' t' rest till she hez a chance t' tell him that she don't love him an' that she never did. Not that it'd make much difference, but that's her idea. She's so d—n sot on that she can't think o' nothin' else. I scraped up money t' send Enid t' look fer him in New York, but she couldn't find him. When you got off th' train Hilda thought it was him. An' so did I. But it wa'nt, an' that's all there is to it."

"What a contemptible pup he must have been," volunteered Cranston, thoughtfully, and a vision of the shrinking, white-faced girl came up before him.

"He wuz," agreed Ayron, "but thar's another point yet t' be considered thet's a heep site more important now. What are yuh goin' t' do?"

Cranston lifted one foot after the other and stretched his limbs. "I'm going to work over some raw material into a man," he replied, and he winked at his new-found friend.

Ayron roared and slapped his thigh. "I like you, English," he cried heartily.

"I'll get a claim," said Cranston.

Ayron shook his head. "All gone. They wuz took in a moment," he answered.

"Not all," came a voice from behind Cranston, and he whirled about to find Enid there, her face fresh from a dip in cold mountain water. "Not all gone," she repeated, smiling. "I've got to have some one to manage mine, you know."

Searl stared at her in amazement. Instinctively he knew that she was offering him a place that rightfully should have taken him years to acquire. The equation was written. It was up to him to solve the problem.

"I mean it," she insisted.

"Then I accept," he replied, soberly. "I'm not over familiar with algebra—but something from nothing may be obtained."

"Aren't you interested in the name of the mine?" asked the girl softly.

Cranston's eyes reflected the question.

"It's to be known," said Enid, calmly, "as the New Man Mine. It will yield quartz—and——".

"Maybe a real man," suggested Searl.

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THE SPIDER'S AMBUSH

:-: :-: Or, :-: :-:

Strangely Mated Comrades

By Victor Ardmore

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CHAPTER VII.

RAINBAR saw that the woman was greatly alarmed, but remembering that she had never shown herself heroic, he hoped for the best, and fearing the worst, put a brief question.

"What's wrong?"

"I've seen something terrible!" Annabel breathed, rather than spoke. "It tore my endurance all to pieces. This island is possessed by demons. I'll never laugh at ghost stories or goblins again, for they must be true. Oh! dear, dear, dear!"

"Annabel," said Lucelia, with some severity, "you have an attack of nerves, and the case may be less dreadful than you think. Now, dear soul, just calm yourself and tell us all about it."

A part of her own composure was due to the fact that Rainbar had stepped outside, looked swiftly but keenly, and found no sign of imminent danger. The servant, however, was not to be quieted by such a matter.

"When nature is outraged and defied it is no trifle," she persisted. "I say this island is bewitched and haunted by fiends."

It required some further persuasion to induce her to talk rationally, but she finally began her story.

"You left me alone," she explained, "so I went out to see if I could get sight of a ship on the lake. I had wandered around, and was in the edge of the woods where that tall, odd-shaped pine is when the crackling of a stick led me to look to one side. I saw—oh! dear me!—I saw a man walking on all fours!"

"What?" Rainbar exclaimed.

"A dreadful man, all in rags and tatters, his hair very wrong, and his beard like a horse's mane, while his face—oh! it wasn't a human face—and then he walked on his hands as well as his feet. Yes, went on all fours."

"Just where did you see him—but you have told that already. Miss Parlin, question her more. I want to see this creature, myself."

He hurried out, made for the pine tree, and searched the whole vicinity without seeing a creature formed in anything like human shape. When he returned Annabel was sipping tea, and the great comforter of womankind had so soothed her that she no longer had nerves gravely a-jangle. Lucelia nodded to the newcomer.

"Let me talk for Annabel," she said. "She has seen a man going on all fours. You heard him described——"

"All except his face," the servant interrupted. "That wasn't human."

"I am unable to get a description of that face," Lucelia said, sighing. "As near as I can guess, it must be a little wild."

"Some harmless, deranged person——" Rainbar began, but Annabel interrupted harshly.

"Harmless! Why, no demon is harmless. He has the power to catch us up and fly away with us to his den in the far wilderness, or to a bottomless pit where he eats his victims."

Rainbar gave up efforts to learn more, hoping that when the woman had recovered more fully she would have words to describe her adventure coherently. Having no belief in demons himself, his chief concern was that a man out of the common run was on the island. He would have placed him as one of the Chinamen, but Annabel was emphatic in declaring that he bore no resemblance to them.

One more peril was added to the worries of Upper Crusoe.

Close watch was kept during the rest of the day, but nothing occurred to trouble them afresh. Evening began with the three in the shack, the lamp on the table shedding a degree of light on the parody of a domestic scene. Rainbar was deeply thoughtful.

No vessel had been seen, and as the water was now smooth enough even for the smallest sailboat, he wondered why rescue was so long delayed. What had become of Captain Delcann and his men, and why did not rescuers come to search for Lucelia?

In spite of her determined opposition to a signal fire, he was tempted to make and light one, but her claim that the lurking Chinamen would be the first to see it was too reasonable to be overlooked. If that gang was ignorant of their presence on the island, it would be suicidal to inform them.

The problem of a raft pressed hard upon him.

"How," he said to the girl, "am I to construct it without tools or ropes? Possibly a more ingenious man would solve the perplexity, but I haven't done it yet. How fasten planks and boards together without the things I have named? If I had even an auger I could use treenails, or, to be more clear, wooden spikes. But I have nothing whatever."

"Won't a storm send the wreck of the Early Morn adrift?"

"That is possible, tho not probable, but, in any case, we could not trust our lives in a hulk with a gale battering it. We're better off here."

"But," interrupted Annabel, "how can you say that when the Spider is skulking over yonder in his ambush?"

"The fact that he hides as he does seems to me to indicate that he is more anxious to avoid discovery than we are."

He said it with outward confidence, but without actual belief. Ling Fong and his fellows were not men to be timid, and he dreaded them intensely. His own safety was something to him, but the two women and their danger harassed him acutely.

Presently silence fell for some minutes. It was broken abruptly by Lucelia.

"I suppose, Mr. Rainbar," she said, "that you think me a horrid creature."

"I had not made the discovery," he returned, smiling.

"Let us plainly meet one fact we have avoided. You know that I had you kidnaped?"

"Yes."

"Do you feel reconciled to that?"

"Frankly, no; but that item is in the background now."

"You feel no bitterness?"

"I'm afraid that, when the blanket was over my head and a few knocks were delivered on my person, I was a trifle irritated. Also, I felt when the squall had the schooner in its grip that I would be more comfortable ashore. Even now I'm feeling twinges of the nerves as if my inner man protests against captivity, but bless you, why let such happenings prey upon me?"

"You are a philosopher."

"Just now, I have to be."

"I want to talk about what I've done," Lucelia said earnestly. "I am hardly willing to be thought a criminal, so I'll beg of you to consider my position as forgivingly as possible."

She leaned forward over the table a little, and Rainbar was more than ever impressed with the belief that she had a face very pleasing in many ways. Under more favorable circumstances he would have been a good deal impressed by her ladylike, intelligent, attractive manner, and as he studied he had a suspicion that, even tho he was a stolen man, he was impressed now.

"My father," Lucelia went on, her whole heart in her explanation, "is accused of a misdemeanor of which he is not guilty. He never forged a check. He is too good, too honest to do it, and, besides, he never had need of such a wicked act. He is well-to-do in worldly goods."

Rainbar, fully attentive, merely nodded.

"Don't you know all that?" she asked directly.

"Miss Parlin, I do not accuse your father. All I say and all I know is that I saw him sign a check, and his bookkeeper handed it to the cashier, and it was passed by your father the next day."

"Do you assert that the check he passed was the one he signed?"

"Decidedly not. That's the claim of the law, and I'm not in it. All I know is that he signed a check, and then—but you know the details."

"Better than the officers do. My father is not guilty of any wrong act. Let me pass that by for now, for I talked with you fully some days ago. I'll come to the kidnaping. That was lawless."

"Well, yes, rather," and again Rainbar smiled.

"I admit that I was wrong. It was a stupid, ill-considered step, and worse than useless. It will make matters worse for father when you tell about it——"

"I'm not sure I shall ever tell."

The interruption was quick, and she looked at him in wonder.

CHAPTER VIII.

"THE fact is," Rainbar added, smiling faintly, "I can see your position in this affair clearly. You are devoted to your father and believe in his innocence. Realizing that I was a prominent—but, believe me, most unwilling—feature of the case against him you took measures to silence me. What of it? I'm whole of bones, and adventure is the spice of life."

"But," Lucelia reminded plaintively, "I had you kidnaped."

"No harm has been done to me."

"I can't see how you can feel so lightly."

"Not lightly, but I appreciate a daughter's devotion. To return to the point I touched upon a minute ago, my present inclination is never to tell a soul that you stole me."

"How," asked the girl, a catch in her voice, "can you be so forgiving?"

"Peculiarity of my make-up, perhaps."

"You are so good!" she exclaimed warmly.

"Not that, but inclined to look into things. You are the one who deserves credit—for standing by your father so zealously, I mean. As for abducting me, why, just now I'm reconciled. Understand, I make no promises, but I think I shall never tell."

"I don't deserve so much of mercy."

"Who can say? Anyhow, the kidnaping has borne one fruit already. When the trial comes I feel sure that your father's lawyer may possibly tangle me up so much on cross-examination that my testimony will go all to pieces."

"You mustn't permit that!" Lucelia cried.

"Why not?"

"When you are on the witness stand it will be your duty to tell all you know and stick to it——"

She stopped suddenly, a change came over her face, and she finished in a different key.

"Oh! when I said that I forgot father for a moment. My poor father!"

She burst into tears, and there was no more talk then along the late line. Rainbar, however, did his best to act the comforter, and experienced a decided relief when her tears ceased to flow. Even when weeping she was attractive, but he preferred her calmer moments.

When he had retired to his room, later, he reviewed the conversation and took himself to task.

"Why the deuce did I talk like that? I never had the least idea of being so forgiving, and I can't see why I weakened then. I've got to apply a checkrein to my emotions. I've been torn away from home and modern improvements, and I must act the relentless man and have my revenge. No more sentimentality—I guess."

Sleep was peaceful in the shack that night. When Lucelia awoke she noticed a scrap of paper on the table, and found words written on it that she readily deciphered, tho the writing was done with a bit of burned wood.

"Gone to look for a vessel."

She meditated, went outside, scanned the visible locality, and then scurried away until she reached a small depression in the earth. From this place she removed a quantity of leaves, and saw an ax, several augers and some other carpenter's tools. She picked them up, went to a large rock that had smaller stones at its base and thrust the tools into a recess, after which she piled more stones in front of them.

"There," she said, sighing, "I don't think he will find them now."

She hoped he would not, for she had, like Rainbar, been doing some thinking during the night, and was inclined to think she had talked foolishly when praising her captive, mentally arguing that his mood of pity would vanish after he was again at home.

"Of course," she reasoned, "we must not leave this island now. Better risk the Spider who waits in ambush than have my kidnaping go for nothing. I must be practical—for father's sake."

She returned to the cabin, and had an hour's wait for Rainbar. He came in wet and muddy. He smiled grimly as he noticed that his condition was under scrutiny.

"When I take a bath I use plain water," he explained, "but this was something else. Fact is, I'm certain those Chinamen have a rowboat or sailboat, and I was out at break of day to hunt for it. I've done so, even wading thru reeds along small inlets, from which came the mud you see, but I am beat. I can find no boat."

"What if those dreadful men had seen you?" Lucelia exclaimed.

"I can't answer that."

"You should not have taken the risk."

"We've got to get away from this island somehow. A boat would solve the perplexity, for I can't see how I'm to construct a raft. What can have become of the tools the sloop must have had?"

Lucelia was glad that he was looking downward, frowning thoughtfully, for the blood mounted to her face in a telltale manner. She was glad, too, that the rock beside which she lately stood could not talk, and angry with herself for showing signs of guilt.

"What," Annabel interrupted, "about the Chinamen? Didn't you see them?"

"No, but I didn't enter the middle swamp."

He paused, meditated, and then waved his hand expressively.

"Of course," he added, "we must keep carefully away from that swamp. It would be madness to venture there."

"Certainly," Lucelia agreed.

She was sincere, but Rainbar was not. He had firmly decided to invade the wet ground the next morning, and try to discover tools. If he could secure an ax and an auger, with a few spikes, he felt that the raft would soon materialize under his hands, but to go there was to take such a risk that he wanted to keep all thought of it from his companions. They would object, and he was not willing to give up his plan.

"Another point," he said, as they ate breakfast. "We have food for three weeks or so, but we have all our fish in one kettle. If this hut was set on fire while we were away—by the Chinamen, for instance—we should lose the eatables. That mustn't be. Do you remember the holly tree over beyond our spring of water?"

"Yes."

"I suggest that we hide half of our stock there. We only noticed the hollow when we saw the big butterfly yesterday and followed it, and as the opening is so obscure I feel that we may safely store part of our canned goods there."

"It will be prudent."

"I'll attend to it at once."

It was done as soon as eating was finished, and Rainbar felt more comfortable. He had a fixed belief that the Chinamen would strike against them in some way, even if not disposed to be radically dangerous, for if they were hiding in the swamp they would want no intruders near, harmless tho the latter might be at that time.

With this work done, he once more brought up the plan of a signal fire, but Lucelia opposed it strongly.

"As I've said before," she returned, "the men in the swamp would see it first, and we are not certain anybody else would do so at all. Don't, please don't think of deliberately calling the Spider out of his ambush."

"Really, you are wise, and I'll drop the fire, but I'm going to visit the wreck again and try to devise a scheme for a raft. Pity I was not born ingenious, so I could construct a raft without tools or ropes."

Lucelia barely choked back a sigh as she saw how wedded he was to his dominating idea, but both she and Rainbar had lost much of the spirit of reciprocal sympathy that marked their talk of the previous evening, and each was fixed in what seemed the right way.

Going to the Early Morn, Rainbar took up his problem and overhauled everything there, but the raft was evasive. Study as he would, he saw no way of constructing anything that would make their lives safe it they launched out on the lake. The rest of the day was uneventful, so much so that careful watch by the kidnaped man failed to sight any boat on Ontario's relentless bosom. Rescue was still only an unanswered hope.

That night Rainbar went to bed with his next move as active as ever, and before day dawned he left the shack. Determined to have tools if they could be had, he was going to venture secretly into the Spider's lair and hunt there for them. He entered the swamp, and was fully off on his dangerous errand.

CHAPTER IX.

IT HAD been Rainbar's plan to advance some distance into the swamp before day dawned fully, but when in the thicker part of the place he found that he was far too early. The trees were so much thicker of top than where the shack stood that morning was a late comer. His first impulse was to halt and wait, but second thought led him forward.

Ling Fong and his associates, he argued, were not likely to be astir, and it might be possible to locate their living quarters quietly, and more safely than when light arrived. The fact that they would be liable to see him before he discovered them, being at their home, was always to be considered, but had to be ignored.

He steadily penetrated deeper into the swamp, doing his best to make out a cabin if any was there. An electric torch was in his pocket, but he dared not cast its light ahead then.

After some time he came to a sudden halt. Sounds had reached him that were surely not made by any bird or wild fowl, and he put his back to a tree and waited.

Nearer came the sounds, and even in the vague light he discerned a shape moving close to the ground. Its advance was such that it must pass near him, and he tried to analyze it, but found it baffling. Brief delay followed, and then the truth was before him in part. It was a man moving on all fours.

Annabel's story swept to his memory vividly, but did not enlighten him. Nature was violated when man walked like the beasts, and that was all he could tell then.

Breathing heavily, the strange creature passed by, but Rainbar had discovered nothing further about him. The nerves of the investigator made themselves felt, and he had a strong impulse to retreat, but he had come with a fixed purpose, and was not ready to act the coward. Reasoning that the monstrosity must be one of Ling Fong's gang, he forced himself into action and fell in behind him.

Trailing was not difficult, for the creeper progressed slowly, and Rainbar followed some rods quietly. Then the ground ascended a trifle, the trees grew larger, and a dry knoll was before them. A few yards more were covered, and the pursuer had sight of what he wanted to find. A shack was there, nestling under the trees.

The creeper half-circled the structure, and Rainbar saw a door, but no other man was visible. The way was open, but the monstrosity barred the path, and investigation by secrecy was out of the question. Beset with this difficulty, the problem of finding tools was pressing. How was he to do it unless he could enter the shack?

The creeper had squatted and was sitting with his back to the wall, and as he was still Rainbar listened for sounds beyond. Were the Spider and his chief allies awake, and, if so, what chance would they presently give him to hunt for plunder? Only for that grim guardian he would have ventured to the door, but it was not to be thought of now.

The gaining daylight sifted thru the treetops, and better view was vouchsafed of the creeper. The half-superstitious fear he inspired was slowly abating. Reasoning that he might be suffering with some spinal trouble, his way of locomotion did not appear so uncanny.

A few minutes elapsed, and then other sounds came from the remoter swamp. Dry twigs cracked as if under heavy feet, and Rainbar fell back as he realized that somebody was approaching. Fearful that he would be discovered, he moved to the side of the structure, but remained where he could see and listen.

Men took form in the gloom, walked nearer, and advanced to the door. Faces were not to be discerned clearly then, but the deformed back and long arms of the foremost were not to be mistaken. Ling Fong was there.

The party rattled around inside, and a band of light shot out past the intruder. It could only come from a window, and he took chances and risked a furtive look.

With a lamp alight, four Chinamen were moving about like persons at home. The facial ugliness of the Spider was trying to the spy, but he stood his ground and watched further.

Ling Fong was clearly master. Others fell to work, but not he. He had arrived plainly clad in Chinese clothing, but he cast it off in part and donned a velvet jacket that accentuated his misshapen form. Then he sat down in an upholstered chair, the only one there.

He meditated deeply for a moment, and then broke into a crackling laugh. Spreading the fingers of his right hand he shook them at his subordinates gayly.

"A good job?" he commented in English.

"Very good, captain," replied a man, servilely.

"Who won?"

"Who always wins?"

"The men from China."

"But only when led by Ling Fong."

"Don't say it that way. Say 'if' led by Ling Fong, if you will. Ha, ha! A good job! I wonder if that boat is still hunting to the west?"

"We are not there."

"Slipped them neatly. Pah! A police boat is a snail. Yes, and a clod. Catch us? Not they!"

A third man came into the conversation, addressing the Spider, but his English was so poor that Rainbar could not understand.

"We never hurt anybody," Ling Fong answered. "Never, never, never! Is it not so? Ha, ha, ha!"

The whole brood laughed in chorus, seeming to find a big joke in what had happened and might happen. Merry fellows they were then, but the spy noticed the difference between them and the Chinamen he had met in city laundries. Merriment that came from successful outlawry was not to be accepted as proof of goodness of heart.

Ling Fong lighted a cigarette with airy self-satisfaction.

"What we did tonight would get us quarters in prison for ten years if we were found out, but we shall not be found out. It's a wonder the police and detectives can detect Lake Ontario. We are as safe here as if we were in China. Let Yankee and Canuck howl if they will; we need only laugh."

"They may yet come here, captain—yes, and find our boat."

"Pah! No man can find it."

"Or worry us in some way."

"Li Yee Sing, you are what the heathen call a pessimist, which means that you are inclined always to borrow trouble. Be comforted! Upper Crusoe is a private kingdom, and we rule here. Let the police come here if they wish. Would they find us? No! Would they find this shack? No, for they might walk over the ground it stands on and never suspect it had been here."

There was a lull, during which Rainbar meditated on the last strange assertion. It opened the way for theories, but not for answers, and the matter was soon dismissed. His mind returned to the tools he so much desired, and he looked sharply for them.

None was to be seen, but he could not command view of the whole interior without thrusting his head into the window. Not being ready to commit suicide, he refrained from doing that.

The man who had not spoken drew out a revolver and began cleaning it, as if it had been lately used. Ling Fong addressed him in their native tongue, and no more English was spoken then. Their speech was unintelligible to Rainbar, and he began to consider retreat, but the call of the wanted tools was strong, and he was unwilling to go empty-handed. Yet he had already taken dangerous chances, and hope of success was dwindling.

Ling Fong suddenly stirred into more activity.

"Possibly the police may visit the island," he admitted, again using English, "so we will prepare. The boat is already hidden. Watch from the treetop must be kept up constantly. By the way, did you leave any food in the wrecked sloop?"

"Some canned goods," replied Li Yee Sing.

"Better get them at once. We are not in need, but they are handy. Hurry breakfast along!"

Work succeeded talk, and Rainbar began a retreat. The last order had troubled him. What would the gang say when it was found the sloop had already been ransacked? Stepping back, he began the attempt to avoid the man outside.

This highly interesting story will be continued in next week's Ledger. Do not miss reading it. A lot of great and timely stories will appear in the Ledger during the coming months. Send in your subscription and you will find yourself repaid ten times over.

* * *

Music's Charms.

"I used to be very fond of music," said the portly man. "I was a bona fide music lover. I had a phonograph when they were first placed on the market. And anybody who could stand for the harmony of those early talking machines must have had music in his soul. I was also an amateur cornetist—belonged to the Cornville Silver Cornet band, an aggregation that may not have gone in for the classical or played strictly in tune or time, but to the people of Cornville we were artists personified.

"Many an evening, after a concert on the town square, I was complimented on my clear tones and powerful resonance. In my bright red suit and green cap with a gold embroidered lyre on the front of it I was some figure. After I had played a solo the girls would crowd around and look up at me too awestruck to speak."

"You started to say that you were fond of music," interrupted the other man. "I've often heard that music had power to soothe the savage."

"Yes, and it has made many a civilized man wild," returned the portly man. "I have a small nephew who has begun to take lessons on the cello. You know what a cello is? Back home we used to call 'em 'horse fiddles.' I suppose that a cello in the hands of a strong man capable of sawing away violently on it from notes would make music pleasant to hear. But to give one of the instruments into the hands of an innocent child and let him keep his uncle and the rest of the family in continuous torment is too much.

"For the first month that my little nephew had his cello the teacher gave him nothing but exercises. Did you ever hear exercises on a cello? I hope you will be spared! If you were ever in a zoo at feeding time when the lions, tigers, hyenas and jackals were howling in unison for their raw meat you have an idea what cello practice sounds like. Sometimes my nephew forgets to resin the bow. Then there is nothing left for us but to flee out of doors, regardless of weather, until he has finished.

"The professor gave him a piece last week entitled, 'Home, Sweet Home,' in variations. I remarked to the professor one night: 'That piece in variations is certainly a wonderful thing; Burton has played it 1,000 various ways so far and he's still at it.'

"The professor took my sarcasm for a compliment and gave the child a descriptive melody. The opening bars represented a shepherd boy playing on his pipes. Then you were supposed to hear the sheep 'baa.' After which a storm arose and the thunder reverberated thru the heavens. To see little Berton trying to get the thunder effect out of that cello was more pitiful than amusing. He sawed away, straining his body until beads of perspiration stood out on his little brow."

"Never mind," said the other man consolingly. "Berton will be able to play real music on his cello some day, and you'll be proud of him. The torment of the early practice days is the price we pay for the beautiful melodies we receive later on. You forget that you must have driven your folks to the verge of despair when you began on your cornet years ago."

TO THE CHIEFS.

Leaders of one or another party,
If our humble support ye seek,
Promise us, in a manner hearty,
A three-and-a-half day working week!
Promise us, too, and our friend and neighbor,
Solemnly covenant and engage,
To give us just three hours of labor,
Luncheons free and an increased wage.

We need time to acquire polish,
The better clubs we should like to join;
And cheaper cuts you must abolish,
We're accustomed to tenderloin.
Free garages you must provide us,
Free repairs and 5 cent gas,
Public motors in which to ride us,
And everything that will give us class.

Better roads and a greater navy,
An army (not of the unemployed),
An end of congressional pork and gravy—
Why, good sirs, do you look annoyed?
Anyway, you have the condition,
Pledge us now, without ifs or buts,
Or we may vote for prohibition—
We won't stand for the cheaper cuts.

THE DANGER LINE
Or, BANISHED TO BLANDFORD

By ERNEST A. YOUNG

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CHAPTER X.

HAD he been alone Lincoln King would have made a reckless dash across the bridge—or thru it. The son of Wallingford King, as Horrocks called him, had driven his own racer at seventy-odd over a country turnpike, and he had done better than that on macadam, and yet better on the track. But with this girl beside him, never showing a sign of distrust in his discretion, it was different.

In reality, there was no use of making the run except for the girl's safety. For himself, he was half inclined to let Horrocks' men overtake him, and then see what they would do. "They would hardly murder me without giving me time to say my prayers," he reflected. "And I might outwit the whole bunch of them and make a getaway."

He knew the breed of the car he was driving, and that, with a fair road, he might keep away from anything that could be sent after him. But this road he knew nothing about, and the bridge, which even the builders had condemned as unsafe, presented too great a hazard to the life of Zella Penlow. Truth was, her confidence in him lent a new value to his own existence.

"They've swung a shaky sort of bridge across," he hurriedly told her, as he started the car, "and I'm going to try if it'll let us over. Be ready to do what I tell you to, and do it quick. Now for it!"

The machine slid down the remainder of the slope and struck the short upgrade close to the bridge. The lights sent a white glare across, and the siren wailed its warning, with the shouts of surprise from the workmen cutting in. They gave it a clear way, two of them springing to the other side and the other three crouching on the bridge timbers ready to jump into the stream if it gave way.

The structure teetered under the weight of the car and the men yelled, "She's going!" But she didn't go; rather, the bridge settled and became steady as they reached the middle, and the instant the car was across King gave her more gas, and they leaped ahead, taking the steep rise which King knew they would find on the other side of the river at a clip which quickly left the bridge lights out of sight.

At the top of the hill King slackened the speed. The road looked narrow and forbidding ahead of them, and there was a chance that it held more dangers for them than they were leaving behind.

"We'd better not make a blind run," King remarked, as they swept slowly around a sharp curve where the drooping sprout growth on either side whipped across their faces. The next moment he brought the machine to a stop, for he saw a man step into the middle of the road just ahead of them and make a warning signal. The man was Ben Franklin.

He advanced, ducking his head, still making gestures of caution, but refraining from speech until he reached the side of the car.

"Pardon of the skirts," he begged with another duck of his head. "Once more it is me good fortune to save the skirts from greater jeopardy."

"What have you to say, Franklin?" King demanded. "Maybe you wanted to get hold of this car again and leave us in the lurch."

"What I did," the man returned, with a deeper show of sincerity than he had manifested before, "saved you both from falling into the trap set for you by the lumbermen. You would have run into the log barrier, and then you would have been caught. Do you believe that?"

"Possibly true," King admitted. "But that doesn't say you ran away with the car just for our sakes."

"It's results as counts, son," asserted Franklin.

"We won't argue that point," said King. "Tell us of the road ahead, if you know anything about it."

"To save the skirts from jeopardy, I will say there is a dangerous washout a short distance further on. A small stream burst an old culvert, leaving a deep ditch across the road. The machine could never cross it without some repairs. But——"

Franklin drew closer to the car with the air of secrecy which he employed both with and without occasion. "There's lumber ready on the spot for repairs. A temporary span of timbers, a bold dash, a steady hand with the tiller—eh?"

"How far ahead is the washout?" King asked.

"Just down the next descent."

"Jump in, Franklin, and prove up."

In silence the machine was guided along the narrow roadway where there were frequent curves. Then the down slope was reached and they coasted at a cautious rate.

"Now stop," whispered the convict.

"You probably know," said King, as they got out of the car, "that a number of Horrocks' men are following us on horseback. If they get across the bridge all right it won't be many minutes before they're up with us. Then it'll mean surrender, or a fight—and probably surrender after the fight."

"We must hold them off till we can cross the gully," said Franklin.

"Will you do the holding off with your gun—or any other way—while I throw some stringers and plank across the open culvert?" King demanded.

"Anything for the skirts. But they might have guns, and do you know how many we have to fight?"

King was at work bridging the gully without waiting for the assent of the other to his suggestion. The glare of the automobile lights showed him the narrow but deep chasm of which he had been warned. It also revealed the new lumber which had been hauled there by the same persons, and for the same purpose as that for which the drawbridge was built at the river crossing. It was simply the carrying out of a plan secretly to open a way to cart off the stolen lumber from the King lot, when it was believed at Blandford that the old road was impassable. With teams and trucks it would not have taken many days to get away with the rich booty. Like all of Horrocks' schemes, there would seem to be little doubt as to the successful outcome.

"And if I block the game now," King reflected, "it will be more by good luck than anything else."

Simply to lay timbers and plank across the narrow gully so that the motor could be cautiously driven over them was not a difficult undertaking for a big, husky chap like Lincoln King. It had been a night of hard effort for the young man, but the nervous strain had been more exhausting than the physical labor, and now that he was doing something that promised a chance of success he forgot that it was work.

For a brief space the sounds of the approaching horsemen had ceased. King inferred that this was because they had halted at the bridge. With hardly a mile to cover it would not take them many minutes to come up with the automobile unless it could soon get under way again.

"They're coming," Franklin exclaimed, while King was throwing stringers and plank over the gully with frantic haste. "If you can't get the car across now you'll have to get over without it, then slide the bridge timbers into the gully so they can't use the motor to chase us with."

Franklin spoke hurriedly, and King recognized the concentrated wisdom of his suggestion. But there was something the convict seemed to have overlooked.

"They can leap the gully with their horses," said King. "In that they'll have the advantage if we have nothing to run away from them with. We'll take another chance at crossing a crazy kind of bridge. This is safer than the other, unless I'm badly mistaken."

"Rustle, then!" exclaimed the convict, in his wheeziest tones.

The twinkle of a lantern carried by the foremost of their pursuers appeared thru the overhanging foliage. As King sprang to the machine and snapped on the power, the silence was startlingly broken by the crack of Franklin's revolver.

The jingle of a broken lantern globe and the extinguishment of the horseman's light synchronized with the pistol shot, and yells from the lumbermen and a squeal from a horse which had been stung by the bullet were after-sounds which were quick in coming.

The car crossed the short bridge easily, as King had felt confident it would do, and on the other side of the gully the machine was run close to the roadside and stopped just out of sight from the bridge.

"Franklin saved us that time, I guess," King said to his companion. "Now I'll have to give him a chance to make the runaway with us in the car. It looks as if we had brought them to a standstill."

"It is at least unlikely that Horrocks is with them," said Zella. "I do not think he could ride horseback."

"Hardly, with those lobster legs of his," laughed King.

Returning to the bridge, King found Franklin already across and in the act of demolishing the structure. He was throwing timbers and plank into the gully.

"If them horses aren't well broke for ditch-jumping," he observed, as King came up, "they'll balk at the six-foot jump. That'll help some."

"We can leave them easily with the car," said King. "So come with us, Franklin. We have no idea of leaving you to fight it out after what you have done for us."

"All to save the skirts from jeopardy," panted the convict, as he pushed the last of the timbers into the gully, where it fell with a splash.

Before they could reach the car the horsemen were seen to gallop from the screen of foliage which had shielded them. If there had been more lanterns the lights had been extinguished. Consequently only the dim outlines of the men and horses could be made out. But their voices were distinct, and one, who shouted an order, was recognized by King as Gridley.

"And he isn't the sort to stop for a six-foot open ditch," King exclaimed.

Franklin wheeled again and his companion knew what he meant to do. "No man-killing, Franklin!" King exclaimed.

"Of course not—and certainly no horse-killing," agreed the convict, glibly. "It would be against me principles. And yet——"

Bang!—from the revolver, which had been most carefully aimed, even while the innocent protest was being spoken. And the foremost of their pursuers, in the act of leaping his horse over the gully, flung up one arm with a yell of pain. The chasm was crossed by the horse, while the rider, leaning forward upon the animal's neck, seemed to retain his seat with difficulty. The other pursuers, dismayed by the telling shot which had stricken their leader, pulled their mounts to a standstill.

King sprang to the side of Franklin and laid a restraining hand on the man's arm. "No gunplay—we can escape without that, now," he protested.

"Can we?" gibed the convict. His upraised revolver spat across the gully a second time, and a yell from one of the lumbermen told that he had been hit. "Can we?" repeated Franklin as he sent a third shot within whistling distance of another of the pursuers.

The last shot, while it hurt nobody, put the finishing touch on the panic which Franklin seemed bent upon producing. They wheeled their horses and disappeared in the darkness. The revolver banged a fourth time. "That'll keep 'em running!" said the convict. "Nobody killed," he added, as he turned to assist King, who had brought the horse of the wounded man to a stop. "And I likes pitching in better than waiting to be pitched into. I hates trench warfare. All in the interest of preserving the skirts from jeopardy." This with an elaborate flourish of both hands and a profound bow in the direction of the machine where Zella sat, a silent, but by no means passive observer of the convict's outbreak.

The pursuers were certainly in full retreat, and they were once more convinced that King must have several men with him—enough, perhaps, to do battle with Horrocks' whole crew, if it came to an open fight.

Franklin had acted in open defiance of the orders of King, who had shrunk from anything so drastic as gunplay unless in actual defense against an attack of that kind from the followers of Horrocks. But, in the light of the results achieved, King could not find it in his heart to find fault, especially since Franklin had directed his shots with such accuracy and telling effect that no unpleasant complications were likely to arise.

Only in the case of Gridley was King in doubt as to the seriousness of the convict's attack. The big lumberman leaned limply upon the neck of his horse, and he was groaning with pain. Franklin produced a flashlight and turned its white shaft upon horse and rider.

"He's a big lift," said the convict, "but me merciful heart persuades me that the big bloke should be carried to the machine and made comfortable while we take a spin toward the town. The road is bad, and it will be a matter of an hour's ride, and I'll ease me conscience in a little matter as we glide along. Lend a hand, mister."

Strangely impressed by something as yet unexplained in the conduct and speech of the convict, King helped him to lift Gridley from the saddle and carry him to the car. The lumberman at first seemed inclined to resist their efforts.

"Let me alone!" he squealed, with an oath. "Leave me beside the road. I can take care of myself," he protested.

"Couldn't think of abandoning an old pal," said Franklin. "Owing to the uncertainty of the light and the motions of the horse, me shot cut deeper than it was me merciful purpose to allow. It might be, even, that me forty-five touched the hip bone, with serious results. But in an old pal——"

Gridley sprang up and glared into the face of the convict. Then he reached swiftly for the latter's throat with one big, hairy paw.

"Hanson, you devil!" he breathed.

The convict eluded the lumberman's clutch, laughing.

CHAPTER XI.

KING did not dare speed the car to anywhere near its limit along the abandoned road, but it was safe to make a pace which could not have been followed by horsemen, had these resumed the pursuit. This the man who had called himself Franklin assured King the lumbermen would not do.

"Gridley was their boss," said the convict, "and his men would take no orders from anybody else. I knows him and his gang, and I knows they'll go to pieces without their boss. They was as good as a regiment of soldiers for Horrocks with me old pal, Ham Gridley, to direct their tactics. But without Gridley—nothing doing. I knows."

"And I guess you know something more about Horrocks," King suggested.

"The guess is wrong. Horrocks never before came within me sphere of experience," said Franklin, with a flourish.

Gridley half reclined in the car, grimly silent. After his futile reach for the throat of Franklin he had subsided, as if realizing that he had made his last throw and lost. The convict flashed his light on the face of the lumber boss every few minutes, and each time the act was accompanied by an exultant chuckle. "Too bad, Ham, old pal!" he muttered, once. Then, to King:

"At this pace it'll take less than an hour to reach the town of Blandford. May I ask what you propose to do first, upon arrival?"

"I hadn't thought it out very definitely," King confessed. "It will be getting near daylight, and I suppose I'll try to muster a posse to clean out Horrocks

A Sensible
Thing To Do

When the drug, caffeine—the active principle in coffee—shows in headache, nervousness, insomnia, biliousness, jumpy heart, and so on, the sensible thing to do is to quit the coffee.

It's easy, having at hand the delicious pure food-drink

Instant
Postum

It is made from wheat roasted with a bit of wholesome molasses and is free from any harmful substance.

Thousands who prefer to protect their health, use **Postum** with comfort and delight.

Made in the cup—instantly—with hot water. Convenient, nourishing, satisfying.

"There's a Reason"
for
POSTUM

and his gang. A warrant'll have to be sworn out, if there's a magistrate in the town. But unless I can find an officer with more nerve than anybody I've found in the town so far, Horrocks will have time to get out of the country before I can get hold of him."

"All of which is your affair, not mine," said Franklin. "Me only interest in Horrocks, to tell the truth, is that the skirts may be rescued from further jeopardy. It is to that end that I am doing the little in me power to help the both of you to get to the town. But in Ham Gridley, me old pal, I have an interest. 'Cause why?—you ask. Listen now, and hear him swear, under his breath, as it were! Such language is unfit before the skirts. But me old pal is that corrupt that he cares not."

Gridley was certainly mumbling profanity, in such bitterness and variety, and with such originality of combinations and phrasing, as to be a revelation to the ears of King.

"I was about to say," the convict resumed, "that I will be obliged to deny meself the pleasure of seeing the skirts all the way to safety. In other words, I will leave the car as you arrive at Blandford. You will report to the authorities the capture of Ham Gridley, wanted on a homicide charge just over the line, in old Chateaugay. It was there that he peached on me, his pal, and so got me retired from the life of a free man. And me hands are innocent of blood. The blind luck that connected me with the burning of a dwelling was the circumstance that me pal, in the vengeful groveling of his spirit, made the most of, getting me pinched."

"He lies!" piped the high-keyed voice of Gridley, breaking in on the speech of the convict.

"The records of old Chateaugay, four years back, tell the story," pursued the other. "I will admit that me name is Hanson. I will admit that the time I was forced to spend in retirement—doing time as it is sometimes called—was not undeserved. Me life has not been as it should be. But that for which I was pinched, because Ham Gridley, me pal, peached, I was not guilty of. I paid the penalty of a crime I never committed, tho I may owe the law and society other tolls that are bigger than the one I have paid. Which is all it is now for me to say. And may I have one kind and sympathetic thought from the skirts? In all me checkered career have I paid tributes of respect and reverence to the skirts, and staked me comfort and me very life to preserve them from jeopardy."

King might have been inclined to smile at the sentimental appeal of the convict had he not been too deeply interested in the tangible and practical admissions of the man. Then, he had all he could do to handle the car over the narrow, hummocky road. It seemed to him that they were taking up an interminable space of time in the journey, and he kept demanding assurances from his companions that he was still upon the right road, with a certainty of reaching the village of Blandford eventually.

At last the old crossroad ended upon a better highway, with a light gleaming from a farmhouse. It was milking time, and other dwellings testified, by lighted windows or lanterns carried between houses and barns, to the early getting-up time of their inmates.

"Is it too soon to say," King questioned of Zella Penlow, as the big machine purred swiftly past the farm buildings, "that Horrocks did not always win?"

"I don't dare to say it," she whispered. But the dim light of dawn showed what he had never seen upon her face before—a hopeful smile.

The convict abruptly ordered a halt to be made. It was no request, either in word or tone; it was a command, and King saw the man was fingering his big revolver. "It is here that I will bid adieu to the skirts," he said, as he leaped with his feline-like springiness from the car. He kissed his hand to Zella, ducked his head, and then seemed to melt into the roadside shadows. Not the cracking of a breaking twig, nor even the rustle of a fallen leaf betrayed the course of his flight.

A faint groan from Gridley reminded King that the boss of the lumbermen had received absolutely no attention since he was lifted into the car, altho there was reason to believe that he was at least painfully wounded by the shot from Franklin's revolver. "I may have been letting him bleed to death," King exclaimed, in self-reproach.

A hasty examination disclosed the wound to be even more serious than the convict had suggested. The man had lost considerable blood, rendering him too weak to make an effort to escape, had such a purpose entered his mind. King suspected that Frankin had calculated upon that very result, without compunctions as to eventualities. The pal who had "peached" and landed Hanson in a penitentiary had received a taste of the convict's vengeful temper. As it was to appear, Hanson—or Franklin, as he had called himself—had not acted without a definite plan in his bid for the good-will and aid of King and the sympathy of "the skirts."

Inquiry at the next farmhouse obtained directions to the house of the village doctor, and also that of a deputy sheriff.

The houses were on the main street of the village. They stood next to each other, and only a short distance from the hotel. As King drove the car down the street he was amazed to find a touring car, a limousine and an auto-truck lined up in front of the house of the deputy sheriff. The touring car, which stood first in the line, had a chauffeur at the wheel and a short, pugnacious-looking man giving orders, with one foot on the step.

The auto-truck and limousine were full of men, twenty-eight of them in all. They were armed with rifles and shotguns.

On the front step of the house was a young woman whom King recognized as the one who had ridden up from the station in the stage with him the night before. She was speaking to a man who appeared to be on the point of going with the expedition. She let out a little squeal of amazement as she saw King leap from the car.

"Here he is now, Uncle Thede! It is Mr. King, and the Horrocks car, and——"

Then, with a single illuminating sentence she cut short all of King's futile guessing. "I meant to see you again last night," she said, running up to him in a flutter of excitement. "I was going to tell you that I was Rhoda Harrington, and that Uncle Theodore Harrington was a deputy sheriff. I found him getting ready to raid the Horrocks place with a posse, and that short, cross-looking man by the touring car is a revenue officer who has been working up the case with Uncle Thede for more than a week. When I arrived and told them what you said to me on the stage-coach, and later when Mr. Darnton called and told them you had gone up to the Horrocks place alone—well, they have just hustled to get men for the raid in time to save you!"

The deputy sheriff and the Government man, whose name was McCabe, gave the girl no chance to talk with King. McCabe pumped the young man dry of details in five minutes. Then he took a squint at Gridley, rolled up the big man's shirt-sleeve to find a tattoo mark on his left arm, and ordered the lumber boss to be locked up. "Let a doctor see to the bullet wound," he said. "And about the other chap—Hanson—we need him, too, but there is no time now for a blind chase. First for the raid before Horrocks has time to pull his gang together. You will come with us, Mr. King?"

"I'm hungry, after an all-night chase," the young man objected.

"These people will give you a hand-out in five minutes," said McCabe. To this assurance the deputy sheriff added:

"There is hot coffee all ready, Mr. King."

"Gulp it down and come along," snapped the revenue officer. "Tho that Horrocks walks like a crab he is the hardest man in the country to catch."

Lincoln King got into McCabe's car and munched sandwiches and doughnuts from a paper bag while he told the story of the night's adventures. His account of Hanson, who called himself Ben Franklin, interested McCabe more than anything else. "That man is the niftiest criminal and one of the most desperate of all the bad men I have ever known, either in the States or the Dominion," said the Government officer. "He was convicted of arson three years ago at Chateaugay and it was Gridley's testimony that landed him. It has lately been learned that he killed a woman in a lumber camp in the Canadian wilderness. She claimed to be his wife."

"And he would do anything to preserve the skirts from jeopardy," laughed King.

"They won't be looking for us quite so soon," reasoned McCabe. "Horrocks won't count on any move being made until after you bring your report to the village, and he banks on the terror he has inspired in the town to keep them from doing anything. He has played safe from the first, and practiced a number of tricks to keep the country people in awe of him. For instance, I was told when I first came here that horses would not drink at roadside watering tubs after one of Horrocks' teams had been watered there."

McCabe chuckled and continued: "Oh, I have been gathering facts for a month. A pint of ammonia poured into a watering trough after his team had been watered would make other horses shy at it for two days. I saw one of Horrocks' teamsters do that stunt. Then there were a lot of wild stories set a-going, and nobody dared to enter a complaint for fear of what he might have done to the buildings or animals of the complainant. But we have got him now—we have got him now!"

Had they?

Well, the raid turned out in this way: McCabe and Harrington, with their armed posse, found most of the members of the timber-cutting crew asleep in the big camp shanty. A dozen of these, for whom Harrington had warrants, were arrested, and no resistance was made. The others merely hung around to see what would happen next, while McCabe in the big car and the deputy sheriff and a half-dozen men in the limousine made a dash for the farmhouse.

The dwelling at first seemed to be deserted. At last Adam opened the door, just in time to save its being broken down. The fat wife of Horrocks, looking sleepy and stupid, waddled out from a bedroom where she had apparently been lying down without undressing. She peevishly protested that she had not seen her husband for two hours.

McCabe, suspicious and angry, ordered a search of the house and outbuildings to be made. Every man except four left to guard the prisoners in the limousine joined in the search. It was then, as if in fulfillment of Zella Penlow's refrain, "Horrocks always wins," that King saw Bryson spring up thru an open bulkhead with Horrocks clinging, pickaback fashion, to his shoulders. The useless legs of the cripple were dangling, and Bryson bore the sixty-five pound weight of Horrocks' emaciated body as he would have carried a child.

The touring car stood alongside the bulkhead, and Bryson was able to deposit his burden in the machine before King could shout the alarm. Neither was King near enough to reach the car before Bryson could start it in a reckless race down the road.

McCabe was in the house at the moment directing the search, but King's shout brought him forth, and his sharp orders set things a-going. A scattered volley from rifles and shotguns peppered the fleeing car. The shots were mostly directed at the wheels, and a loud report told of a punctured tire. The car was seen to wobble and lurch as it disappeared down the road. At the same time the limousine was emptied of the prisoners, and in that McCabe, Harrington and King raced in pursuit.

Human probability would proclaim the end of such a chase within the span of a hundred yards, at most. As a matter of fact, the car with its flat tire stuck to the road, made the turn at the foot of the hill, and rocked drunkenly along the old road to the river. There, in a crazy attempt to cross the half-completed drawbridge the machine plunged into the stream.

The pursuers heard the screech of Horrocks as the car crashed thru the bridge. The body of the cripple was found, an hour later, lodged in a raft of driftwood a mile down the river. They found Bryson with a broken shoulder, clinging to timbers of the bridge.

Bryson supplied all the needed facts bearing upon the career of David Horrocks. The cripple, warped in mind as well as in body, had, according to his own account, been made what he was by ill-treatment in his childhood. He was born in the Canadian Northwest, and had developed the ability to command obedience from the crews of lumbermen with whom he was associated. For a number of years he had directed smuggling operations at various points along the United States and Canadian border. After coming to the King farm and playing upon the sympathies of Penlow, the tenant, he made the place a rendezvous for criminal fugitives from both sides of the border, helping them to dodge warrants and requisitions.

Bryson declared that Penlow's death was accidental, notwithstanding Zella's suspicions to the contrary.

McCabe's subsequent efforts to locate Hanson were futile. The nimble-witted "Ben Franklin" was too artful a dodger to be caught a second time. In all of which Lincoln King felt only a passing interest, while a minor puzzle touching himself bothered him until Miss Rhoda Harrington was ready to gratify his curiosity.

"Letters from Clyde Fillmore, your pal at Columbia, told me everything about you," she explained. "He also sent me a photograph of you more than a year ago. I found another letter from him waiting for me here when I arrived last night. In that he says he has shouldered all the responsibility for the affair that got you into trouble. He says you will understand how it was. He guesses you can return in time for the exams——"

"I don't want to return for any exams," King cut in. "I've decided to stay at Blandford until I have straightened out the tangle at the old farm. I'll turn boss in the lumber camp. But Fill is a trump, just the same. How does he fare, after blowing on himself?"

"He has to quit, of course. But you know he—I—we——" Her confusion ended in the blunt confession: "We are going to be married Christmas, anyway, and he says he'll get his degree just one year behind the schedule."

"How about Horrocks 'always winning in the end?'" was the query which King flung at Zella Penlow after he returned from the raid with McCabe and Harrington.

"I have changed my mind about that," she laughed.

"It was a glorious old row," said King. "And now I'll see to cleaning up that lumber deal, and maybe, later, I will turn farmer and raise 'taters and truck. Perhaps our night of strenuous adventure may end in——" He saw the bright color flame in her cheeks, and he ended with the deference of a cavalier: "Last night I was uncertain, Miss Penlow, whether to treat you as a child, or as a woman. Now you have settled that question for me."

The End.

* * *

"In times of peace prepare for war," said a young man who had just squandered his hard-earned coin on an engagement ring.

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SHE WANTED TO KNOW.

We sailed upon the water blue,
One almost cloudless day,
And in the boat there were but two
As we passed down the bay.

And as the wind was dead ahead,
At half a gale or more,
I took a reef or two and said:
"I think I'll hug the shore."

Her eyes then quickly sought my own,
Then, with a roguish grin,
She said, in half-reproachful tone,
"Well, where do I come in?"

* * *

DOODLES' AMBITION.

"I tell you, sis, you're an awful good looker, but I've got you beat when it comes to gray matter," said Doodles, complacently, running his fingers thru his pompadour.

"Well, what's the latest achievement?" asked Doodles' sister with the condescending smile that goes with five years' seniority.

"Oh, you'll tell," objected Doodles. Then without waiting for the coming denial he grew confidential. "I'm going to quit school," he said. "I'm going to South America. I've been reading up a lot lately about the wonderful opportunities in all business lines down there, and I've decided to hit the trail. Now, don't start in about my college education, because that stuff has been all knocked in the head. College education ruins a fellow and makes him lazy. I'm going to start in the business world while I'm young, and I'm going to start now."

Doodles threw down his magazine, jumped up from the davenport, and stood before his sister belligerently, his hands in his pockets, his shaggy hair on end. Doodles' sister wisely kept her head bent over her work, so that Doodles missed the smile.

"When do you start, dear?"

"Soon as I get all the dope about the country and a good firm to tie up with. Now, don't pipe it off to mother or dad. I won't spring it until I have everything ready, for I don't want any butting in—I'm going!" Then, as his sister indulged in no expostulations and expressed neither surprise nor regret, Doodles flung out of the room with a parting defense, "And I haven't any softening of the brain, either!"

During the next week Doodles' sister alone saw Doodles smuggle in and hide the treasures that expressed his idea of the necessary regalia for the projected trip—a big sombrero, two outing shirts and three gaudy bandannas.

"Are those the things they wear down there?" queried Doodles' sister, respectfully, as she carefully coaxed the big sombrero into her hat box so that it might escape the eyes of Doodles' mother.

"That's what Fat Le Valley says," affirmed Doodles, "and he's got all kinds of dope about the places where we're going. We are waiting now," he continued importantly, "for answers to some of our correspondence. We may leave in a week or so."

That evening Doodles' father remarked, carelessly: "I met Fat Le Valley on the street as I was coming home." Then he raised his eyebrows at Doodles' sister, a mode of communication that escaped the others at the dinner table.

"W—what did he say?" asked Doodles, reddening consciously.

"Oh, we just chatted about school and the team and track work. He's rather tired of school, he tells me—wants to go to work, I think. I don't know that I blame him much. There isn't a great deal in this college game, anyhow."

Doodles' face cleared like a spring morning. "That's what I say, dad!" he blurted out. It's all tommyrot and a waste of time."

"What do they get out of it, anyhow?" continued Doodles' father musingly, as he replenished Doodles' plate. "Just a good time, that's all. For instance, now, you fellows who have been on the prep team—you'll probably make the 'varsity team right off the reel. And what's the result? Training table, stags, smokers, banquets and theaters before and after the games. Rushing all around the country—the girls making you pillows and fudge—rushed by all the frats! In other words, ruined for the ordinary day-in-and-day-out drudgery of business life. No, let a fellow start in at the bottom and plug along at five per. Get up at 6 o'clock, rain or snow—work till 6 at night, tired or not tired—get kicked around if you do your work wrong and kicked around if you do it right. That's the proper training table for a fellow," ended Doodles' father, with enthusiasm.

Doodles' expression ran the gamut of all the emotions. "There's a lot that might be said on both sides, I suppose," he continued.

"By the way," said Doodles' father, as if it had just come to his memory. "Coach Blaine got on the car with me the other day. He says that Fat Le Valley and you are the best bets for the 'varsity team. Fat was quite excited when I told him today. He said he wanted to talk it over with you immediately, but I told him that I didn't think it worth his while, as I was doubtful about sending you to college. You see——"

"But, dad," broke in Doodles excitedly, "you wouldn't ruin my prospects like that! You've always said a poor education handicaps a fellow in every direction. You wouldn't spoil my chances in the beginning!" Doodles grew speechless with consternation.

Doodles' father looked thoughtful. "Well," he said, slowly, "I don't like to cross your ambitions, Doodles, of course. Then there's your literary yearning. Perhaps I'd better think it over. So we'll see."

"Gee, I've got to see Fat," blurted out Doodles. He rose from the table and darted out.

"Whew!" whistled Doodles' father, as his face broke into smiles at the slamming of the front door. "That was the diplomatic feat of my life!"

"He can use the sombrero and the bandannas up at the lake next summer," put in Doodles' sister. "But don't let Doodles know that you've heard of them before."

* * *

Why He Golfed.

"Truthfully speaking," said the prosperous-looking man, "I am not out on these golf links every day to become an expert and win a cup. I'm not even out here to learn the game. I don't know a mid iron from a niblick and I don't care to. And I'm not here for my health."

"Then what in thunder are you out here for?" asked the man in the golf shelter.

"Listen!" whispered the prosperous-looking man. "It gives me an opportunity to walk around in knee pants. If there's anything in this world I dote on it's a chance to stroll several miles a day in short trousers. I detest long ones, which the tailors have ordained that all men must wear. I consider long trousers unhandy, unhygienic and a waste of material. How much more free of limb man would be if he rebelled against the present fashion of long tight trousers and adopted knee-length ones!

"Even as a boy I appreciated the value of knickerbockers. While most boys pine for the day they can slip into long trousers, I didn't. As a barefooted boy I could climb a tree like a squirrel. I can't do it now. I was a champion broad jumper and led in all branches of sport. Why? I was unfettered. Short pants gave me freedom of limb."

"Too bad you didn't live in the Colonial days," remarked the man in the golf shelter. "You could have cavorted to your heart's content in knee breeches. But, on the other hand, the costume of that period had drawbacks. You'd have to wear buckled shoes, fluffy ruffles and a powdered wig. How the man of that day could feel manly when he looked at himself in a mirror and saw a braid hanging down his back is beyond my understanding."

"Nevertheless, the joy of wearing knee breeches made up for the handicaps that went with them," said the prosperous-looking man.

"You don't have to play golf in order to appear in public in them. You can resurrect your old bicycle and wear 'em as in days of yore. You can wear a fox-hunting outfit and enjoy the pleasure. You can put on a track suit and run around in the early morning. Then, again, most of the butlers in fashionable homes are outfitted in the half-length kind. You——"

"Golf togs answer my purpose very well," interrupted the prosperous-looking man. "And listen! Some time I'm coming out here about 2 a. m., before the players gather, and run barefooted all over the course. I'm going to know how it feels to be a boy again."

* * *

Reasons for Envy.

"Those people next door drive me to desperation, they are so fat!" observed the matron in the mob cap. "That woman has been a reproach to me ever since she moved in. She and her family never buy a thing in the way of groceries or meat, and the boy goes out and buys milk every night, and as far as I know that is all they ever buy. It is true they bring a parcel home once in a while, and I suppose it is edibles.

"Every time the grocer's wagon comes to my house I think of the woman next door. Every time the butcher comes I think of them. Fat, healthy and well, and no grocery bill at all.

"Once the woman did get sick and I thought to myself: 'Now, the doctors will get hold of the family and take some of their money away.' But no doctor appeared, not one. She was sick for some little time and then went right along and got well again. First she got well and then she got fat and strong. No tonic, no trip, no long rest. It's miraculous!

"I must find out how she manages her household. It is important to me. Her husband and boys are as fat as she is. They must eat something. In fact, I know they eat, because I have heard her call them to dinner and they all respond very promptly and stay with it quite a while. It seems to be just the opposite with this poor, thin family. I can't get them to come to their meals and they don't like anything they get, altho the groceryman comes with his edibles faithfully."

"Maybe she's a wonderful cook," suggested the other woman, who had just dropped in.

"No," answered the matron in the mob cap. "Wonderful cooks are all strong believers in groceries. They all use 'em.

"Now, our other neighbor, Miss Simkins, is so consoling. She gets lots of groceries. The butcher and the vegetable man collide with each other going and coming. She uses twice as much stuff as we do, and burns more coal.

"Last month she told me that she was ordering more coal, and she hadn't paid for the last ton yet. And when she's sick she has a doctor. She has doctors in attendance and trained nurses and operations. It is very comforting to me to see some one who spends more money than I do and who has bigger bills."

"And I suppose," suggested the other woman, who had just dropped in, "that it is highly satisfactory to you to tell her about the fat economical neighbor and enjoy her righteous indignation."

* * *

Too Late.

During a convention of ad writers held recently some one told the following:

"A man entered a shop one cold day and bought a woolen muffler. When he opened the muffler he found inside the photograph of a beautiful girl with a note couched in these terms:

"'If you are single, please write to me.'

A name and address followed, and the man smiled. He was single. He placed the photo on the library table. In a week he had fallen in love with the picture of the beautiful girl. So he wrote to her.

"A week passed, during which the bachelor was in a fever of impatience. Finally he received this terrific blow in the shape of a letter:

"'Dear Sir: The Mary Jones to whom you wrote was my grandmother. She died nine years ago, aged 87. Yours truly.'

"Upon investigating this strange case the broken-hearted bachelor discovered that he had purchased the muffler from a dealer who did not advertise."

* * *

His Father's Advice.

Very few people are ambidextrous; that is, able to use the left hand as readily and skillfully as the right. But there is an amusing story of one Irishman who was careful to cultivate that art. When he was signing articles on board a ship he began to sign his name with his right hand and then changed the pen to his left hand and finished it.

"So you can write with either hand, Pat?" asked the officer.

"Yis, sorr," replied Pat. "Whin I was a boy me father—rest his soul!—always said to me: 'Pat, learn to cut yer finger nails wid yer left hand, for some day ye might lose yer right!'"

* * *

Clever Amateurs.

Dozens of old graduates were back, and they talked a lot about themselves and a lot more about others not so fortunate as to attend.

"Most of our old crowd are married and happy," said one.

"Married, anyhow," said another, with the grin that always accompanies this silly joke.

"I accept the amendment," returned the first speaker, "but chiefly on account of poor Billy Tompkins. He had an unfortunate marital experience."

We hadn't heard of it and begged for particulars.

"Why, the girl he married turned out to be a professional pickpocket."

The man who had first spoken sighed, but his eyes twinkled.

"Well," he observed, "I guess the rest of us drew some pretty clever amateurs —what?"

* * *

The Patriarchs.

The late John Bigelow, the patriarch of diplomats and authors, and the no less eminent physician and author, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, were together, several years ago, at West Point. Dr. Bigelow was then 92 and Dr. Mitchell 80.

The conversation turned on the subject of age. "I attribute my many years," said Dr. Bigelow, "to the fact that I have been most abstemious. I have eaten sparingly and have not used tobacco and have taken little exercise."

"It is just the reverse in my case," explained Dr. Mitchell. "I have eaten just as much as I wished, if I could get it; I have always used tobacco, immoderately at times; and I have always taken a great deal of exercise."

With that, Ninety-two Years shook his head at Eighty Years and said, "Well, you will never live to be an old man!"

* * *

He Forgot.

The Canadians are credited with the story of the stupid Yorkshire sentry:

The first night he stood guard he hailed an approaching officer in proper form:

"Oo goes there?"

"Canadian Rifles."

There was a moment of silence. Then the Yorkshireman repeated:

"'Oo goes there?'"

"The Canadian Rifles," was the impatient answer. More silence. Then the Yorkshireman again challenged:

"'Oo goes there?'"

"The Canadian Rifles, you qualified blighter," shouted the enraged officer.

There was a long period of quiet while the Canadian watched the Yorkshireman's obviously ready rifle. Then there was a moan from the sentry:

Blowed if I hain't forgot what to say next!"

* * *

Personal Liberty.

Richmond Pearson Hobson was talking about the divorce evil.

"The curtailment of personal liberty has a good deal to do with divorce," he said. "The husband's personal liberty is curtailed and the wife's is curtailed. Hence moral degradation and divorce.

"In a restaurant the other night a man was drinking beer and eating sandwiches with his wife and his mother-in-law. He finished his beer and took a fresh sandwich. The attentive waiter snatched up the empty glass and said, politely:

"'Another beer sir?'

"'Shall I have another, Minnie?' he said.

"His wife looked at her mother.

"'Shall he, ma?' she asked."

Like A Boy at 50 Bubbling Over With Vitality—Taking Iron Did It

Doctor says Nuxated Iron is greatest of all strength builders—Often increases the strength and endurance of delicate, nervous folks 200 per cent. in two weeks time.

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Not long ago a man came to me who was nearly half a century old and asked me to give him a preliminary examination for life insurance. I was astonished to find him with the blood pressure of a boy of 20 and as full of vigor, vim and vitality as a young man; in fact a young man he really was notwithstanding his age. The secret he said was taking iron—nuxated iron had filled him with renewed life. At 30 he was in bad health; at 46 careworn and nearly all in. Now at 50 a miracle of vitality and his face beaming with the buoyancy of youth. As I have said a hundred times over, iron is the greatest of all strength builders. If people would only throw away patent medicines and nauseous concoctions and take simple nuxated iron, I am convinced that the lives of thousands of persons might be saved, who now die every year from pneumonia, grippe, consumption, kidney, liver and heart trouble, etc. The real and true cause which started their diseases was nothing more nor less than a weakened condition brought on by lack of iron in the blood. Iron is absolutely necessary to enable your blood to change food into living tissue. Without it, no matter how much or what you eat, your food merely passes through you without doing you any good. You don't get the strength out of it, and as a consequence you become weak, pale and sickly looking just like a plant trying to grow in a soil deficient in iron. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two five-grain tablets of ordinary nuxated iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see for yourself how much you have gained. I have seen dozens of nervous, run-down people who were ailing all the while, double their strength and endurance and entirely get rid of all symptoms of dyspepsia, liver and other troubles in from ten to fourteen days time simply by taking iron in the proper form. And this after they had in some cases been doctoring for months without obtaining any benefit. But don't take the old forms of reduced iron, iron acetate or tincture of iron simply to save a few cents. You must take iron in a form that can be easily absorbed and assimilated like nuxated iron if you want it to do you any good, otherwise it may prove worse than useless. Many an athlete or prizefighter has won the day simply because he knew the secret of great strength and endurance and filled his blood with iron before he went into the affray, while many another has gone down to inglorious defeat simply for the lack of iron. —**E. Sauer, M. D.**

NOTE.—Nuxated Iron, recommended above by Dr. Sauer is not a patent medicine nor secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists and whose iron constituents are widely prescribed by eminent physicians everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach; on the contrary, it is a most potent remedy, in nearly all forms of indigestion, as well as for nervous, run-down conditions. The manufacturers have such great confidence in Nuxated Iron that they offer to forfeit $100.00 to any charitable institution if they cannot take any man or woman under 60 who lacks iron and increase their strength 200 per cent. or over in four weeks' time provided they have no serious organic trouble. They also offer to refund your money if it does not at least double your strength and endurance in ten days' time. It is dispensed by all druggists.

THE CONQUERORS.

Both Alida and Joshua Harber suffered intensely because of their parents. Despite money, travel and the elevating influence of culture and the arts, the elder Harbers remained strictly old-fashioned—which to their offspring was something to be borne like an uncle in State's prison, or anything else disgraceful.

When the craze arrived for stripping one's home pictures, bric-a-brac and superfluities, Alida became an enthusiastic follower of the new cult. "It's so restful!" she joyfully told her mother. "You've no idea! And think of the dusting it saves! Anyhow, our walls just reek of pictures—let's begin by taking down that thing of Lake Lucerne I've always hated because it is too impossibly beautiful.

"Well, I should say not!" distinctly interrupted her mother, sitting straight up in her indignation. "I'd have you know that your father and I got that Lake Lucerne picture on our wedding trip—and it looks precisely like it and was painted by a very nice artist. I recollect yet how gentlemanly he was. I'm surprised you should think of such a thing! And you needn't look with that expression at my 'Good-Night' and 'Fast Asleep' pictures. They are much sweeter and prettier than the awful poster things people rave over nowadays, and, besides, they brighten up that dull corner by the piano. I saw the Cubist exhibit, and if you have anything like that in mind to decorate our home, please stop it, because I hope to end my days outside of the asylum where those things certainly would drive me!"

"We might clear off some of these photos and vases," suggested Alida, attacking at a new point and pausing at the mantel.

"Alida Harber!" cried her mother. "What's got into you? Throw out the pictures of your dear uncles and aunts and their families? And the bridal groups of your cousins? I think Carrie's expression is so touching in that one where she is gazing up into Herbert's face! Whoever would have thought they'd end in a dreadful divorce as they have! It makes me so sad every time I look at it!

"Don't touch that blue vase! I know it doesn't harmonize with a thing in the room, but Alice Beetle gave it to me when I was married, and I wouldn't hurt her feelings for the world! No, I know she lives a thousand miles away, but in these days you never can tell when people will drop down from an aeroplane! Allie's so sentitive!"

Alida's brother suffered just as much. "I could endure the bric-a-brac and pictures," he admitted, "because I can shut my eyes tightly and rush thru the rooms, and there are moments when I even can forgive them my name, but I'm blessed if there is any power on earth can make me resigned when I consider the whatnot!"

Alida groaned in sympathy.

"And," pursued the embittered Joshua, "it isn't so much the whatnot as the horrible things on it! They 'haunt' me when I've eaten too much lobster! That pink conch shell they got on the Pacific coast—and the specimens of ore from Colorado and the Rockies, and the wax flowers that mother's school friend made, and the fretsaw jiggers and the shells and relics from all over the earth! That the bully old earth should have so many dreadful objects on it to collect is what gets me!"

"We can never, never do a solitary thing about it," Alida almost wept, "but endure it, I suppose! Nothing can move them!"

* * * * *

It was just the other day that Alida and Joshua caught each other surveying the inside of the ancestral home with surprise dawning in their eyes. Then he grinned and she laughed.

"Would you ever have believed it?" Alida crowed. "When I married and left home I expected to see Lake Lucerne on that wall to my dying day."

"And when I married," Joshua chortled, "I kicked the whatnot good-by and thought I wouldn't have to visit home so very often, and now——"

"They took down 'Lake Lucerne,'" broke in Alida, "when they decided to cut that doorway thru so that your baby and my baby would have a sunny room to play in when they came visiting every day. And a lot of other pictures went so that they could put up the big photos of the children in the carved wood frames we gave them!"

"But the whatnot!" shouted Joshua. "First they carted all the junk on it to the attic, so that there would be room for the children's playthings, and then they put it in a corner of the playroom, where it fills a needed want! And then they cleared the vases off the mantles and the trash off the tables so that the children wouldn't knock them over and break them! Say, this looks like a house now!"

"Let's go find the babies and give 'em an engraved vote of thanks!" said Alida.

HAVE YOUTHFUL HAIR!

Gray Hair Will No Longer Rob You of Your Youthful Looks If You Try This Simple Home Recipe.

If your hair has begun to turn gray, or has a faded, lusterless appearance, you can readily darken it and bring back its beauty by using this home recipe, which is neither expensive or difficult to prepare. In half a pint of water mix these ingredients, to be had at any drug store:

Glycerine .... ¼ oz.
Bay Rum .... 1 oz.
Barbo Compound .... 1 small box

This preparation is also fine for the scalp, allays all itching, removes dandruff and stops falling hair. Apply once a day until the hair is darkened, then once every two weeks will be sufficient. Be sure the druggist gives you Barbo Compound, for no substitute will give the same good results.

* * *

SUPPLYING A LACK.

Nan, coming from the dressing-room at the close of the sorority dance, her slipper bag on her arm, saw Bob talking with some boys from his high school.

"Wait a minute, won't you, Nan?" he said. "We want to talk a bit about our team."

Nan waited a moment, and then grew impatient. "We must go, Bob," she said, "or we'll miss that car and have to wait half an hour for the next. And if I am not home by 1 o'clock mother will make an awful fuss."

Bob obediently joined her, and they rushed for their car, catching it without any time to spare.

They had known each other from babyhood. Their mothers had been school chums, and Bob and Nan had passed the greater part of their lives in the same flat building. Altho they now lived several blocks apart, each was still at home in the house of the other.

There were other couples from the dance on the car with them.

"I hope we won't have to wait long for that Thirty-second street car," said one of the girls. Her escort looked at his watch.

"There'll be an east-bound car along in a few minutes," he said. "You are in luck, Bob. You two are the only ones going east."

At the intersection of the street car lines Nan lingered a moment to talk, but Bob hurried across the street.

"Why, Bob, what's the matter?" she asked. "I wanted to speak to Nell a minute."

"But I thought you had to hurry home," said Bob.

"Well, I don't see that we gained anything by rushing across the street when the car was three blocks away. I had something that I particularly wanted to tell Nell. You are the worst one-idea boy I ever saw. You never can think of more than one thing at a time. If your mother told you to sprinkle the lawn you'd do it in the midst of a thunder shower."

"Oh, well, I am not quite an idiot," said Bob, flushing.

"No, you're not. You just concentrate, as our teacher says."

When they were seated in their car Nan resumed her task of admonishing Bob. "Why don't you wear your hair pompadour?" she demanded. "I've told you millions of times that you'll have to if you want to make a hit in our crowd. The girls are simply crazy about pompadours. They nearly have a fit when they see a nice boy who doesn't wear his hair that way."

"You can't wear your hair pompadour when you play football," objected Bob.

"Oh, Bob, there you go again!" exclaimed Nan, in exasperation. "The football season has been over for six months. If there is anything in sticking to one idea you'll be a great man."

As they left the car they were startled by a peal of thunder.

"Let's hurry or we'll get soaked," cried Nan.

Bob raced her the two blocks to her home. The drops of rain began to fall when they were within half a block of the door.

"You are home just in time," said Nan's mother, smilingly, as the two burst into the room where she was awaiting them. "It's raining heavily now. I think you'll have to stay with us tonight, Bob. All our umbrellas are either broken or lent, and I can't let you walk those five blocks in this downpour without one."

"All right, Aunt Emma; I'll stay if you say so," replied Bob.

Nan and her mother went upstairs to see about Bob's room, leaving him below.

When arrangements for Bob's comfort were completed Nan leaned over the banisters.

"Turn out the lights and come up, Bob," she called.

Getting no response, she ran lightly downstairs, but there was no Bob to be seen in the lower rooms.

"Now, where in the world has that boy hidden himself?" she wondered, as she searched. "A game of hide and seek may be his idea of fun at this late hour, but it isn't mine. I'm awfully sleepy. Bob! Bob!"

She had just concluded to turn out the lights and leave him to find his way upstairs in the dark, when Bob rushed in at the front door, dripping wet, with a bundle under his coat.

"Why, Bob Elliott, where on earth have you been?" gasped the astonished girl. "You are soaked thru."

"Home," returned the imperturbable Bob. "You see," apologetically, "I remembered that if I was to stay all night I would need my pajamas!"

* * *

Her Hobbies.

"Angelina Dipham is going to marry that Pruyn Pinwood," announced Mrs. Kadon.

"Well," said Kadon, "it shows that everything comes to her who waits."

"Angelina Dipham didn't seem to be pining away waiting for anybody," replied Mrs. Kadon. "Angy was too smart a girl to let the thought of mere man interfere with her happiness. She had her own life to live. She busied herself with outside interests. I don't suppose she would know the male species existed if it didn't make itself so conspicuous. After she marries this Pinwood person I suppose she will have to give up the various pursuits that afforded her so much pleasure and did so much good for the world.

"There is her 'Home for Indigent Cats and Canines.' She has spent much time and money on that institution. Angelina read a paper at our club yesterday on what the home has accomplished during the past year. They have eight cats and nine dogs living there now while waiting for suitable homes. Last year they placed seven cats and five dogs in well-to-do surroundings.

"At this meeting she told about one cat that afforded a psychological problem. It was an alley cat and was placed by the bureau with a wealthy family. After several weeks of living like a prince the cat became restless and left its fashionable home without as much as a good-by. One of the home's investigators found that it had gone back to its old alley. The cat seemed to recognize the investigator, for as soon as it saw her it sprang from behind an ash can and ran under a shed.

"Angelina doesn't blame the cat, however. It was not lack of appreciation for what they did for it that led to its wayward life. She claims it was the overwhelming power of the cat's early environment that drew it back to the hard but carefree and unconventional life of the alley.

"If Mr. Pinwood is not a lover of cats and dogs, and has no desire to uplift them, it will make Angelina's married life very unhappy. She will insist on having the 'home' in the back yard of the house they will occupy. She admits the animals sometimes rend the stilly night with their howls. Mr. Pinwood is probably a finicky individual who will object to the noise.

"Angelina is also an expert crafts worker. She can make anything from a hammered-brass pin tray to a quarter-sawed oak dining-room set. She will equip a workshop in her new home, and spend several hours a day hammering and hewing out art objects."

"How about culinary art?" asked Kadon. "Can Angelina bake a pie with a delicious crust, or prepare a repast of ham and eggs if Pinwood is hungry? That's the kind of art a man appreciates. If Pinwood's inner man is not supplied with appetizing viands, the racket about the house will get on his nerves, and he'll turn the cats and dogs loose some night and break up Angelina's workshop. His lot is not to be envied."

* * *

Practice.

A British diplomat was praising the cheerful and devoted spirit wherewith the women of Britain are doing their share of war work.

"There is a story that illustrates this fine spirit," said he

"A man asked his next door neighbor in an English town:

"Anybody ill in your house? I heard a lot of frantic running up and down stairs last night It seemed to go on pretty much all evening."

"Here, by the way, I'd better explain that an English bus has a double deck like the New York bus of Broadway and of 5th avenue.

"The other man said to his friend:

"'Oh, no, we've got nobody sick. It was just my wife you heard. You see, she's taken a job as bus conductor and last night she thought she'd have a bit of practice running up the steps.'"

* * *

While He Was Idle.

The streets were crowded with idle miners, and the city authorities, taking advantage of the fact, had a good amount of work done putting in sewers, paving streets, etc.

Mulligan, who was not above earning a little extra money whenever possible, had taken over a job at digging ditches.

One morning his friend chanced to pass him as he was laboriously shoveling earth.

"Hallo, Mulligan! What are yez doin' there?"

The workman leaned on his spade and made a long pause before answering:

"Oh, Oi thought Oi would work just whoile Oi was oidle, boy."

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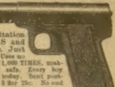

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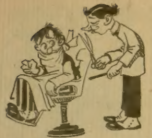


Customer—"Didn't you nip off a piece of my ear, then?"

Barber—"Yes, sir, a small piece; but not 'nough to affect the hearin', sir."

A Bit Mixed.

A well-known textile union official who is on a recruiting committee tells a story of a man, aged 44 years, who was anxious to join the army.

At the recruiting office he put his foot in it by telling his true age and was rejected.

Going to the union man, he complained bitterly of the red tape that kept him out of the army.

"Well," said his adviser, "go back and say you made a mistake, and that your real age is 36."

Away went the would-be soldier and, putting on a bold front, told the recruiter he was only 36 years of age.

"And why on earth did you say you were 44?" asked the sergeant.

"Oh—you see," stammered the man, "I got a bit mixed. It's my mother who is 44!"

Essay on the Duck.

A little schoolgirl in Michigan has written the following essay on the duck:

"The duck is a low heavy set bird. He is a mighty poor singer having a coarse voice caused by getting so many frogs in his neck and he likes the water and carries a toy balloon in his stomach to keep from sinking the Duck has only two legs and they are set so far back on his running gears by nature that they come pretty near missing his body some ducks when they get big curls on their tails are called drakes and don't have to set or hatch but just loaf and go swimming and eat everything in sight if I were to be a duck I would rather be a drake they have a wide bill like they use it for a spade they walk like a drunk man they bounce and bump about from side to side if you scare them they will flap their wings and try to make a pass at singing."

Couldn't Catch Him.

Farmer Hardpate's place lay right in the line of the approaching railway survey, and the company was anxious to conciliate the old man. The diplomatic agent went out to see him, and finally thought to clinch the matter, saying:

"Our company offers you $500 in cash and $1,000 worth of stock for the right of way thru your farm."

"No, sir-ree!" retorted old Hardpate. "I don't want no railroad runnin' around here. Fust thing ye know ye'll be killin' some of my livestock an' I'd have to he'p pay fur it as a stockholder."

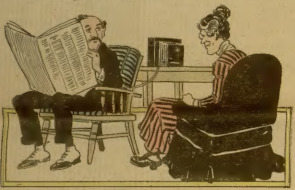
They Certainly Do.

Bill—"Who was it said that an oyster is as complicated as a watch?"

Jill—"Huxley, I think. And he was right."

"Why so?"

"Because they both run down easily."



Wife—"What's that camera for?"

Husband (reading)—"It is focused on you and I am holding the bulb! As long as you look pleasant I won't snap it!"

Discouraged.

"You say he is a spread-eagle orator?"

"Yes," replied the militant American. "That's why he never makes a speech nowadays."

"I don't quite understand."

"So many feathers have been plucked from the tail of the American eagle in the past year or two that it is no longer an imposing-looking bird."

Vocal Culture.

"Americans don't sing as they do in Europe."

"No. But you ought to hear us holler at a baseball game."

Not Questioned.

Irritated Lady—"No, it doesn't fit, and I shall expect my money back."

Mr. Moses—"But, goot gracious, madam ——"

Irritated Lady—"Your advertisements say: 'Money refunded, if not approved.'"

Mr. Moses—"So they do, my dear madam; so they do; but your money was approved. It vas very goot money."

Same Grocer.

Redd—"Who gave you that cigar you're smoking?"

Green—"My grocer on the corner."

"Oh, I get cabbage from him, too."

A Great Idea.

The wounded Highlander in hospital was very depressed, and seemed to make no headway toward recovery. He was forever talking about his "bonnie Scotland," and the idea occurred to the doctor that a Scotch piper might rouse his spirits. After some hunting around a piper was found, and it was arranged that he should present himself outside the hospital that night, and pour forth all the gems of Scottish music the pipes were capable of interpreting. This he did. When the astute doctor turned up the next morning he eagerly asked the matron:

"Did the piper turn up?"

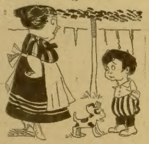
"He did," replied the matron.

"And how's our Scotch patient?"

"Oh, he's fine; I never saw such a change," said the matron.

"That's grand. It was a fine idea of mine to get that piper," said the delighted doctor.

"Yes," said the matron, sadly, "but the other thirty patients have all had a serious relapse."



Johnny—"I don't feel well, mother."

Mother—"That's too bad, dear. Where do you feel worst?"

Johnny—"In school, mother."

A Considerate Wife.

"Why is it," asked the inquisitive husband, "that you never ask any one if your hat is on straight, as I so often hear other women do?"

"Well, if you must know," replied his wife, "it is because I love you so much."

"But I fail to see what your love for me has to do with it."

"Why, just think how it would disgrace you if I were to call any one's attention to the only hat I have had in three years."

And that's why, on the very next occasion she went out, she appeared in the latest creation of the milliner's art.

ON A DIET.

I had no luck
With quail or duck;
My stomach won't be quiet.
I got a shock
And saw the "doc,"
Who has me on a diet.

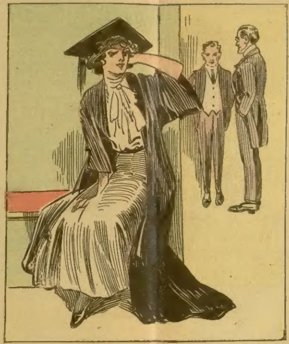
And now no view
Of dishes new
My jaded pulse can quicken,
I make the most
Of tea and toast
And only dream of chicken.

Merely Curious.

Stranger—"I noticed your advertisement in the paper this morning for a man to retail imported canaries."

Proprietor of Bird Store—"Yes; have you had any experience in that line?"

Stranger—"Oh, no; I merely had a curiosity to know how the canaries lost their tails."



Jack—"Does that sweet girl graduate know every thing under the sun?"

Fred—"No, indeed; she is going to let half a dozen men teach her how to swim."

Embarrassing.

"Shure, I can't watch any more Irish processions, Murphy."

"Why is that, Mulligan?" asked Murphy.

"Well, about two months ago I had an accident and lost a piece of me nose. The doctor decided to take a piece of me arm and graft it on me nose."

"Well, wasn't the operation successful?"

"Shure it was, Murphy, but every time I looks at a procession now the piece of arm in me nose wants to wave."

Objected to the Name.

Mr. McGuire (to hospital attendant)—"Phwat is the doctor's name?"

Attendant—"Dr. Kilpatrick."

Mr. McGuire—"Thot settles it. No doctor wid thot cognomen will git a chance to operate on me—not if I know it."

Attendant—"Why not?"

Mr. McGuire—"Well, you see, my name is Patrick."

Mere Guideposts.

A well-known banker in a downtown restaurant was eating mush and milk.

"What's the matter?" inquired a friend.

"Got dyspepsia."

"Don't you enjoy your meals?"

"Enjoy my meals?" shouted the indignant dyspeptic. "My meals are merely guideposts to take medicine before or after."

Improved.

"I sometimes wish my first wife could see me now."

"What's the matter? Aren't you happy with your second wife?"

"Oh, yes, but every now and then I can't help thinking how much good it would do Jennie if she could only see how well tamed I am today."

In Writing.

Auto Agent—"Of course, you understand, that if you fail to meet the first note, we will take the car away from you!"

Jones—"But you cusses will promise anything! Just put that in writing!"—Puck.

Taking a Hint.

Old Andy Jimson's wife had been dead less than three months when Andy began to "take notice" of the Widow Bagley. Soon after this fact had become apparent some one asked Andy how he was "coming on" with the widow.

"We've quit."

"That so? And how did that happen?"

"Well, by heck, when a feller up an' asks a woman to marry him, an' she comes at him with a dipper o' hot water to throw over him, an' sicks her dog on him, an' calls him nine different names, an' threatens to hosswhip him, he'll take a hint if he ain't an idjit an' I took the hint an' left. Some folks can't take a hint, but I kin, by heck!"

She Didn't Hesitate.

"Robson, do you know why you are like a donkey?"

"Like a donkey?" echoed Robson, opening his eyes wide. "I don't."

"Because your better half is stubbornness itself."

The jest pleased Robson immensely, for he at once saw the opportunity of a glorious dig at his wife. So when he got home he said:

"Mrs. Robson, do you know why I am like a donkey?"

He waited a moment, expecting his wife to give up. But she didn't. She looked at him somewhat pityingly, as she answered: "I suppose it's because you were born so."

Winning the Prize.

It was the annual reunion of all the members of "The Globe-Trotters' Club." Speeches had been made by everybody who was anybody; this and that proposition had been seconded by so-and-so, and all the usual business inevitable at such a gathering had been waded thru. Then the chairman rose to his feet, holding in his hand a handsome gold watch.

"Gentlemen," he said, impressively, "by way of a novelty the club will present this watch to the member who tells us all the most palpable lie!"

Then the contest started. All sorts of yarns were narrated, describing sundry wildly impossible adventures, and then it was the turn of Jigson, a gentleman with a mania for angling.

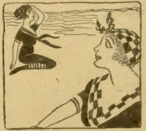
"Gentlemen," he said apologetically, "I trust that you will allow me to refrain from entering this peculiar contest."

"Why?" they all cried.

"On principle," replied Jigson, proudly. "I have no inclination to tell lies!"

Then everybody yelled, "You've won!"

And he had.



Bell—"Who was the gentleman you met awhile ago?"

Nell—"I think he's a swimming teacher."

Bell—"A swimming teacher?"

Nell—"Yes. Jack says he runs a pool room."

Forgetful.

There is a prominent man of affairs in this town who is very absent-minded. Saturday he was about to leave the office of a bank president when the banker called to him:

"You're losing your petticoat, aren't you, Henry?"

The prominent man, not understanding, gazed inquiringly at the banker, who continued. "What's that white thing hanging below your trouser legs?"

The man looked down. His face colored and he stepped back into the directors' room. When he came out he walked briskly past the bank president, who called: "Here, why don't you explain?"

Coming close, the other whispered: "Simply forgot to take off my pajamas when I got out of bed this morning."

Delaying the Mail.

From a small country village where a new postoffice had recently been established came many complaints that the mail was not being sent as promptly as it should be, and an inspector, visiting the town, went to investigate.

He told the postmaster of the complaints. The postmaster pointed to a mail bag about one-fourth full and said:

"Well, I send the mail out every time I gits the bag full! You don't expect me to send it with only a dozen letters in, do you? I reckon that bag will be another three weeks at the rate letters is comin' in now."

Why He Called Again.

The manager of a factory makes it a practice of giving all his old clothes to one of his laborers, who is in poor circumstances.

A few months ago the manager told him to call at his office, as he had a castoff vest for him.

When he examined the gift at home he found in one of the pockets a dollar bill. After a little study he decided to say nothing about it, just then, anyhow.

A month later he went up to the manager, and the following conversation took place:

"I've just called to tell you, sir, that in one of the pockets of that weskit you gave me a month ago I found a dollar bill."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed the astonished manager; "and you mean to tell me, you good, honest workman, that you've brought it back!"

"No, sir," answered the laborer; "not exactly. I've called for another weskit!"

The Broken Doll.

"O-o-o-oh! Bo-o-o-ho-o-o!"

As the childish wail rang thru the house the anxious mother sprang to her feet. Rushing into the hall, she met her little daughter coming in from the garden and carrying a broken doll by the leg.

"What's the matter, darling?" she asked tenderly.

"O-o-oh, mo-o-other," howled the child, "Willie's broken my do-oll!"

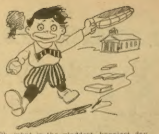
"The naughty boy! How did he do it?"

"I—I—I hit him on ve head wiv it!" was the slow response.

A Regular Attendant.

"Do you go to church regularly?"

"Yes, regularly once a year."



Oh, what is the gladdest, happiest day,
That comes in the whole year,
When there's nothing ahead but endless
play,
Or idleness, still more dear?
A pearl in the golden chain of youth,
Oh, the man is a knave or fool
Who cannot recall the matchless bliss
Of the boy's last day at school!

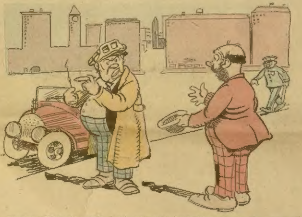
What They Would Do.

"If I came into $1,000,000," said Pat to his workmate, "I'd go to wan o' thim big hotels, and I'd tell the b'y, 'Have me called at 6 o'clock tomorrow mornin'.' Then I'd go to me room and pull down the blinds, and whin first they called me I'd not answer, and whin they called me louder, I'd say, 'Go away wid yes! I'm not obliged to be workin'. I've got money.'"

"Aw!" remarked Tim, as he once more began work.

"Well, what would you do if you were a millionaire?" demanded Pat.

"Me?" said Tim. "I'd have a half-fut more len'th to this pick handle, and save me poor back."



Beggar—"Kind sir, might I ask you, who have never known the pangs of poverty, to——"

Milyuns—"Oh, quit your kidding! When I started in life I had nothing but a coal mine and half a railroad! I wasn't always rich!"

Didn't Make Good.

Wigg—"I hear you've sold your bird dog. He was a good retriever, wasn't he?"

Wagg—"I thought so, but he didn't bring much when I sold him."

Correct Use of English.

Mrs. Knicker—"Do you keep help?"

Mrs. Bocker—"No, we keep interference."

Looks That Way.

"No employe is indispensable."

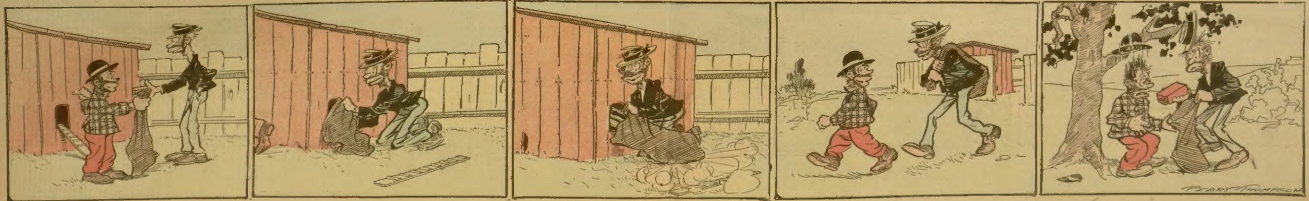
"Oh, I don't know. The fact that so many men marry their stenographers seems to refute that claim."

Where They Were Plentiful.

Landlady—"Strawberries appear to be quite plentiful this spring."

Boarder (gazing at his shortcake)—"Yes, in the fruit stores."

NEVER TOUCHED THE CHICKENS



Hungry Hank—"Dere's chickens in dat roost, Slim, but de door is too small ter git into, so I'll go round an' throw somethin' in the winder to scare 'em out.

"Hey, Slim, be sure an' hold de bag over de little door to ketch 'em when dey come out! Gee, but the thought of the eats we're goin' to have makes my mouth water!"

(Thump! Thump!) "Are dey comin', Slim?"
Slim—"Are dey comin'? Well, I guess yes! Dey are jest buttin' inter the sack!"

Slim—"Dere's two whoppers in de sack! We'll beat it ter the woods an' build a fire an' roast 'em; then, yum, yum! You know the rest!"

Hungry Hank—"Oh, you bonehead! Them's the bricks I throwed in de chicken house to scare de chickens out! Dey musta gone clear thru de little door an' inter de sack! Let's take turn about kickin' each other!"

Irma Brooke's Trial

Or, Madame Fortuna's Prophecy

By C. Mackie

Begun in No. 25, June 17. Subscriptions [illegible] be obtained from news stands, our [illegible]

CHAPTER VI

"MY MOTHER! You have [illegible] Irma rapturously. [illegible] minded Grace, gently. [illegible] the woman I saw was the living embodiment of your mother's portrait."

[illegible] was silent. She was overwhelmed by the events of the day, and now she remembered that Madame Fortuna had exacted a promise of secrecy from her—the price of that promise was her long-lost mother's life, now doubly precious because so many years of it had been [illegible] exile from her husband and [illegible]e.

[illegible] ration of Agatha Brooke to her husband's arms meant that [illegible] from them forever. What a tragedy this strange foreign woman had invoked upon the house of John Brooke because he had loved a [illegible] an other than herself!

Irma did not hesitate an instant in her choice. She was willing to sacrifice her own life to insure her parent's happiness, but she yearned first for a sight of the long-lost mother—to feel once the warm embrace of the beloved parent whom she had missed during the tender [illegible] of childhood and early girlhood.

Grace Scoville, altho unacquainted with the subject of Madame Fortuna's secret conversation with Irma, was shrewd enough to suspect that it must have had something to do with Irma's departed [illegible] Irma's agitation at mention of [illegible] ange woman Grace had seen, and [illegible] cry: "My mother! You have seen her?" did not exhibit the incredulous doubt that one would have expected from a motherless girl. It was more as tho Irma knew her mother was alive, but was surprised at her presence in the Castle of Madame Fortuna Jiles.

Altho Grace tried to question her friend, Irma was compelled to deny her companion any explanation of what Madame Fortuna had meant by her prophecy, or to detail one word of the mysterious talk she had had with the woman. Far from being offended at this [illegible] she was sure that the woman had sworn the girl to secrecy, and if this [illegible] the case, Grace decided that it behooved her to learn something of the circumstances so that she might the better help Irma Brooke and herself to escape from the Castle.

With the thought of escape, came the recollection of the arrow which had been [illegible] nto the east corridor by the man in [illegible] pine tree. Grace pulled the arrow out of her [illegible] unrolled the brown paper which was tightly twisted about the slender shaft.

"Listen, Irma," she cried excitedly; "it [illegible] a message from the outer world; I must whisper it so that no word of it reaches Madame Fortuna's sharp ears:

"'If you are detained in the Castle against your will, send me some message and I will help you. Wrap your letter around some heavy object and toss out of [illegible] window at 9 o'clock tonight—I will [illegible] iting below. BILLY LOVELL.'"

"Who is Billy Lovell?" wondered Irma. [illegible] ce, that we should [illegible] e from this place [illegible] med so hopeless? [illegible] rfully watched over."

[illegible] d Grace softly. [illegible] she consulted [illegible] o'clock, dear [illegible] before we can send our message, but we may as well prepare it [illegible]

would mean suffering and perhaps deat[illegible]

"Let him save you first, dear Grace [illegible] ing that as Madame Fortuna's adopted daughter she would be many miles away from the Castle by the time either Grace [illegible] be restored to Sunset Hill. [illegible] was more than one of Madame Fortuna[illegible] arrow might have occurred merely to throw an illusion of possible escape about the dullness of their imprisonment.

When the letter was ready and Grace had tied it securely around a crystal paper-weight, they hid it away just as a sharp knock came at the door. Madame Fortuna's voice was heard outside, and presently the key grated in the lock, and the door opened to admit Madame Jiles and a dapper French servant, who carried a huge tray containing the several courses of a well-cooked and excellently [illegible]

"I will come for you, Irma, when [illegible] have finished," said Madame Fortuna significantly, as she followed Pierre form the room.

Irma made no reply and Grace wondered what the woman had meant by the remark; but the two girls were young, and their appetites had been sharpened by the lengthy fast, and they spread the dinner upon a table and ate it with what enjoyment they might under the strange circumstances.

As they ate they talked of the events of the day, and wondered what might be happening at home. They knew that Miss Ladue would send out a search party for them, and it was possible that the body of Sandos might be discovered in the Castle woods, and it was also probable, if the searchers found Sandos, that they would likewise find the little rifle which Madame Fortuna had left behind. It was very likely that the search might penetrate as far as the Castle itself. Of course, John Brooke would be apprised at once that his idolized daughter was missing, and no money would be spared to find her and her friend.

Their spirits rose as they talked, but it was Irma who first succumbed to depression. The recollection that she was to remain behind saddened he[illegible]

Grace constantly consulted her w[illegible] and even prepared the little wind[illegible] ng-room so that she could [illegible] the message down to [illegible] "Billy Lovell" at 9 [illegible] Madame Fortuna appeared, a[illegible] came Pierre to remove the d[illegible] When he had vanished Madame Fortuna held out her hand to Irma Brooke. She had never looked more majestic, this strange woman of the Castle, as she waited for John Brooke's daughter to come to her. Her eyes sparkled with the blue of the sea, and her handsome face wore a c[illegible]

Madame Fortuna was to lose a hated prisoner, but she was to gain a beautiful daughter. And John Brooke was to gain a long-lost wife and lose an idolized child. Truly, tragedy was walking hand in hand with the Brooke family that October night when the harvest moon sailed serenely over the Castle [illegible] the hill.

Irma mutely followed Madame Fort[illegible] from th[illegible]

"You will not be long, Irma [illegible] poor G[illegible]

Madame Fortuna answered fo[illegible] charg[illegible]

"She will not be away long," sh[illegible] kindly, and the door closed and locked behind her.

Madame Fortuna's strong little hand had muscles of steel, and they gripped Irma's hand in a jailer's vise.

"Come, daughter," she laughed mockingly.

She hastened along the east corri[illegible] turned to the left, ap[illegible] of the house, and pau[illegible] door. This she u[illegible] rious key from her po[illegible] a narrow iron stairwa[illegible] spirally upward. At the [illegible] other door which she also unlocked. She pushed Irma thru the opening and followed her.

"There is your mother, Irma Brooke," she said sternly.

Irma stumbled forward and stared about her at the strange furnishings of the gruesome room. She shrank back [illegible]

"My mother, where is my mothe[illegible]" she faltered, her eyes groping in the dim light of the place.

"There!" cried Madame Fortuna, pointing ahead.

The young girl looked, took a st[illegible] [illegible] and screamed in horror and fe[illegible] and then fell prone upon the [illegible]

CHAPTER VII

IRMA BROOKE awoke from a swoon to [illegible] n atmosphere pungent with ammo[illegible] Madame Fortuna knelt on the vel[illegible] carpet holding a bottle of smelling salts to the girl[illegible]

"Please leave me alone, madame," [illegible] the girl, shuddering violently from her contact. "I am quite well now. I wish [illegible]

Madame Fortuna, evidently surprised at [illegible] sudden return to consciousness [illegible] her contained demeanor, so unex[illegible] t her jeweled han[illegible]

"There is your mother, Irma Brooke," she cried.

Irma looked, closed her eye[illegible] [illegible] yed silently; then she crept [illegible] step by step, until she reached [illegible] lay the marble-like f[illegible] most beautiful w[illegible]

Clothed in a flowing robe [illegible] woolen stuff, Agatha Brooke la[illegible] some lovely sculptured marb[illegible] face as pale as her soft masses of snow-white hair, her white hands clasped [illegible] her breast. The eyes were closed, and the dark lashes made shadows on the pale cheek. At the head and foot of the couch burned tall candles in silver holders.

"My mother?" whispered Irma [illegible] My dear, dear, beautiful mother? Ah, it is she—and you have killed her, after all!" She turned fier[illegible] upon the woman who had brought her there.

"She is not dead, but sleeping under [illegible] influence of a powerful o[illegible] plained Madame Fortuna, [illegible] lenly. "I arranged it thus and [illegible] ht you here to see her—to recogniz[illegible] that you could keep your promise to me if I allow her to go free. If you refuse—she will indeed suffer the sleep that knows no waking, and you—you will follow [illegible]

[illegible] weetness had gone from he[illegible] Her tone was menacing—terrible in its [illegible] threat of double death to mother [illegible] daughter. Irma shuddered while she [illegible] d the circumstances. B[illegible] Brooke and her child if they [illegible] separated in life—at least each one would have her memories. Refusal to accede to Madame Fortuna's demands meant death to both.

"If I remain with you, you will restore my mother to her home?" asked Irma.

"I will."

"Then, you have my promise," said Irma, proudly. "Please leave me alone with her for a moment, Madame Fortuna. [illegible] do now." She [illegible] and Madame [illegible] irl's [illegible]

[illegible] down beside the [illegible] her head on [illegible] mother. It [illegible] the heart b[illegible] under the white serge robe, and [illegible] frightened when she felt the [illegible] ction suddenly accelerate.

"Mother! Mother! Dear, dear mother!" whispered the girl, passionately.

Irma almost screamed aloud when she felt one of the white hands stirring stealthily, and heard a soft voice from the [illegible]

"Daughter! Is it indeed my little [illegible]"

"Mother!" Irm[illegible] She covered the ha[illegible]

"Be careful!" wa[illegible] Madame is not fa[illegible] turn any instant. We must escape from her if we can. It will be our only chance."

"Mother dear," whispered Irma tearfully, "I have made her a promise that if she will restore you to [illegible] I [illegible] main as her daughter. The terms are her own."

"Your father?" [illegible]

[illegible] cape from this room save thru this door!

"Remember, you are at [illegible] out of the Castle now [illegible] leave [illegible] other behind forever."

Irma smiled valiantly. "It is as you prophesied, Madame Fortuna. I prefer [illegible] Castle—nothing could [illegible] circumstances," she [illegible]

Madame Fortuna turned on her heel [illegible] locked [illegible]

[illegible] ost child.

"Irma, darling, we mus[illegible] together and go to your father," she declared, stirring languidly on her [illegible] e couch.

"Mother dear!" warned Irma, glancing toward the adjacent curtained alcove. "The maid, Marie, is on guard."

Mrs. Brooke smiled as she sat up.

"Marie is my good friend," she said distinctly, and with the words the curtains parted and a dark little French woman darted out, and clasping Agatha's white hand covered it with [illegible]

"Madame so distressed—so persecute[illegible]" she exclaimed. "Come, it is the first real opportunity in fifteen long years of [illegible] iting; Madame Fortuna has grown careless today. Allons!" She dragged Mrs. Brooke to her feet and hurried [illegible] behind the curtains of the alcove. "[illegible] mademoiselle!" she urged, as Irma [illegible] behind.

"I have promised to remain with Madame Fortuna provided she returns my mother to her home," faltered Irm[illegible]

"Fudge!" chattered Marie, impati[illegible] "It is I, Marie, who will restore Madame Brooke to her friends! I ask no promises of you, mademoiselle. Hasten! Ou[illegible] lives are in jeopardy!"

Irma darted aft[illegible] them, saw [illegible] push aside a panel in the alcove, [illegible] mother squeeze thru the narrow openin[illegible] followed her with beating heart, and paused on the narrow stairway to look down and watch Marie, by the uncertain light of an electric torch, place a lo[illegible] iron bar securely acro[illegible] the secret pan[illegible] Then the maid came pantin[illegible] after them.

At the top of the stairs they found themselves in a low-ceilinged attic that ran the entire length of the buildin[illegible]

"Escape from here," said Marie, [illegible] ly, "[illegible] a secret door and by way o[illegible] [illegible] stairs!"

CHAPTER VIII

AS IRMA BROOKE followed her mother and Marie thru the dusty attic of the Castle, she wondered what the

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maid had meant by her remark that they would escape by way of the stars. She also thought of Grace, and prayed that her friend would be kept from harm until they could bring a rescue party to the Castle—but first they must make their [illegible]

[illegible] before a little door which she unlocked and ducked under. Agatha Brooke's slender form stooped to [illegible] and Irma followed, her hand closely clasped in that of her strangely restored mother.

"I hope you can climb, mademoiselle!" whispered Marie, as she locked the little door behind them and led the way to a narrow iron ladder that connected with a scuttle in the roof.

"Yes, I am very strong," said Irma. "I [illegible] you, mother, if it is necessary."

"Thank you, dear. I am feeling quite strong. Madame Fortuna thought she had administered a strong dose of sleeping powder, but my faithful Marie substituted some harmless powdered chalk for the sleeping draught, and I was obliged to feign slumber in order to discover madame's latest design against my peace. She is a terrible woman, Irma, and I shall not rest easy until we are out of her toils!"

"My poor little mother!" cried Irma, holding the fragile form in her strong young arms

Marie had mounted the ladder and had cautiously pushed open the trapdoor. Overhead was the welcome light of the stars and the tender deep blue of the evening sky.

Escape by way of the stars! It was thrilling indeed.

In a few moments the three were standing together on the flat roof of the Castle, and Marie had secured the [illegible] fallen from one of the disused chimneys.

"And now, Marie?" asked Mrs. Brooke, [illegible] Irma's arm

[illegible] moments, madame," [illegible]ised the maid, her bright eyes darting in every direction "Ah!" she suddenly shrieked, "it is a speerit—a ghost walks!"

"Silly Marie!" laughed Mrs. Brooke. "I am sure it is only a girl. Is it your friend, Irma, the one you spoke of?"

"It is Grace!" cried Irma, and running forward she threw her arms around the surprised girl, who was standing with her back toward them.

The two girls cried hysterically in the joy of their meeting, and Grace explained in a few words the astonishing facts of her presence there.

At 9 o'clock she had tossed the note thru the window to Billy Lovell, and half an hour later she had heard the tinkling rattle of some missile falling on the tiled floor of the dressing-room. Billy Lovell had sent an answer to her note.

In it he directed her to move the rosewood wardrobe in the corner of her room, behind which she would find a door without a keyhole. The lock was opened by a [illegible] combination consisting of certain manipulations of the silver doorknob. These directions he gave carefully [illegible] this door, Grace was to close it behind her, and mount a narrow stairway that led to the attic overhead From the attic she could reach the roof by way of a scuttle, and once there Billy Lovell promised to "do the rest."

The fact that it would be easier to rescue her from the roof of the great Castle than by some exit lower down, Grace did not question. She was more worried by Irma's continued absence.

At last she dared wait no longer, and assuring herself it was better for one to [illegible] return with a rescue party for the other, Grace wedged herself behind the wardrobe, opened the secret door, found the stairway and the scuttle, and so reached the roof just a few minutes before Marie and her party made their escape by the same way.

Irma took Grace to her mother, and while the three still marveled over the wonderful events of the day, Marie marched diligently to and fro, peering over the edge of the parapet as if looking for some one.

"Whom is she looking for, mother?" whispered Irma. "She cannot expect to get us down from this place without help."

"Marie has not confided in me," said Agatha Brooke, confidently. "But I am sure she knows quite well what she is about. Let us sit down here while I relate my experience, and if we are patient, I am sure Marie's plans will carry out as well as Grace's.

"That terrible day sixteen years ago when I slipped over the edge of the crevasse in the Alps, I did not for one moment dream that the whole accident was the outcome of the evil scheming of my enemy, Fortuna Jiles. She was a beautiful and talented woman, a distant relative of the great singer, and it often pleased her to pose as that distinguished personage. But I never dreamed that Fortuna Jiles held me in such hatred that she would follow me the world over, as she did until that fatal day when the guide who was in her employ simply dropped me over the edge into a crevasse where there was a wide shelf a few feet from the top. He fell after me, and skillfully contrived to roll both of us into an icy cave out of sight of the party above. The site of the accident had been carefully chosen, because Max, the guide, knew of another way out of the crevasse.

"By the time my husband had discovered that I was missing, Madame Fortuna and her little party, whom we had not recognized under her thick veils and fur wrappings, had vanished; and later, when an organized search was made I was miles away from the scene in Madame Fortuna's power.

"For years she kept me hidden, first in one secure place and then another; she was cruelly kind to me, giving me every luxury that money could buy, but denying me the solace of communicating with my family. Once she brought me a newspaper which contained an insinuation that my dear husband would soon be married again. I was distracted and almost insane with grief. As for my little Irma, I believe my heart was broken over the loss of my child

"I was so closely guarded that altho I tried to escape time and again I was always frustrated at the last moment, and I am afraid, so afraid now, that it is too good to be true!" she said wistfully. "But two months ago she brought me here—we arrived at night, and I did not recognize the place at first until one [illegible] she brought me a new nurse to take charge of me. I am supposed to be her demented sister." Mrs Brooke smiled sadly. "It is a wonder that I did not lose [illegible] under such trying circumstances.

"But God has been very good to me—to my great delight the new nurse proved to be none other than my former maid, Marie, who had been in my employ when I disappeared.

"[illegible], but gave no sign until we were alone; then we had a long talk and she promised to help me escape. Today she came and told me of the presence of two young girls in the house, and that she believed one of them to be my daughter. I was [illegible] to escape from my room and walk thru the halls, hoping to see you, Irma. I did glimpse some one. It must have been Grace. I had just returned to my room when Marie came and said that she had discovered that Madame Fortuna's new gardener was none other than a detective employed by my husband in his never-ceasing search for me.

"While I believed him to be dead, it seems he had in some way become suspicious that I might be the victim of treachery, and for years he has employed detectives to seek me. One of them, young and clever, managed to wring a confession from the guide, Max, and he traced me here, disguising him[illegible] to effect my escape secretly, [illegible] murder me if she knew that a rescue party was on the way.

"The gardener's name is Billy Lovell—it seems he is a clever private detective and——"

"Why, Irma, it's our Billy Lovell!" cried Grace, delightedly. "How do you suppose he will save us all?"

While they talked these matters over Marie suddenly darted toward them with uplifted arms.

"Great heavens, madame!" she shrieked "The castle is afire—it is burning—we are trapped!"

CHAPTER IX.

WITH one accord the four women rushed to the parapet and leaned over. It was as Marie had said—great billows of smoke were rolling up from the open windows below. Madame Fortuna, discovering that her prisoners had escaped to the roof of the Castle, had recklessly set fire to the building trusting to that fearful element to carry out her thwarted schemes of revenge.

"We are lost!" cried Grace, hopelessly, as the smoke rolled skyward and obliterated the friendly stars.

Ruddy lights played thru the rolling smoke, lighting the roof luridly. A sudden gust of wind whirled the smoke aside so that they could look down on a strange scene

Madame Fortuna's great touring car had stopped before the entrance. Madame was getting in with the parrot, Motley, in his cage. With her were Pierre and two other servants. As the car moved down the avenue Madame Fortuna stood up in the tonneau and waved a scarf at the trapped women on the roof.

Her rich voice came up to them in a wild burst of laughter. Little they guessed that that ride was to end in a fatal accident of an overturned car and death to the woman who had so recklessly played with happiness and life and death.

"What shall we do?" cried Grace, once more, and as if in answer to the question, there came above the roar of flame below and the shouts of men running to quench the fire, the throbbing of a motor overhead.

A great shadow came between them and the vanishing stars and the four women ran for shelter to one of the chimneys. An aeroplane hovered uncertainly over the expansive roof of the Castle, and then dropped gently down, the landing wheels gliding to a standstill

From the pilot's seat the leather-clad form of Billy Lovell, detective, erstwhile gardener, and now aviator, descended and looked around.

"Courage!" he called cheerily, as he met the four victims of Madame Fortuna's perfidy. "I have room for two passengers at a time. Of course, Mrs Brooke will go first, and who will accompany her?"

"Marie!" cried the two girls, promptly, and in spite of the faithful maid's protests, she was strapped into the seat beside her mistress.

"Never fear, I will return for you within fifteen minutes," said Billy Lovell, his admiring eyes fixed on Irma's charming face "Keep toward the east end of the roof—it has not caught fire yet Au revoir!"

He waved his hand, the aeroplane rolled forward, then rose like some strong-winged night bird and flew over the treetops toward Sunset Hill.

Irma and Grace watched the machine until it vanished. Irma was thinking of the handsome, courageous face of Billy Lovell, while Grace Saville was thinking of Mr. Brooke's private secretary, and assuring herself that had Dick Rhodes been there he could have effected their rescue quite as promptly as the young detective.

While danger hovered near, as the sparks flew upward from the burning Castle, the two girls were dreaming of romance, little knowing that altho the prophecy of Madame Fortuna had come to naught, the sad death of Sandos, their hours of anxiety in the Castle their suffering on the roof, all prefaced a life of peace and happiness for both of them

In fifteen minutes Billy Lovell returned and carried the two girls away on the most exciting ride of their lives When they reached Sunset Hill, Irma found her mother and father standing [illegible]

The ruddy light from the burning Castle fell on their happy faces like a benediction.

The End

* * *

More Exciting.

Old Captain Bowline usually spends his time pottering about in a little sailing boat. Recently he was chattin with a friend on the subject of his hobby.

"I think I'll get a motorboat next summer," said he.

"Whatever for?" asked his friend. "I thought you were so keen on sailing!"

"Well, I am, but motorboats are so much more exciting," replied the hardy old chap. "In a sailing boat you can only drown, while in the other you can be drowned, burned to a cinder by a petrol explosion or even starved to death if your engine breaks down ten miles from land!"

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Do you know that there is a great force in you and about you all the time, which thousands [illegible] drugs? It is a force found everywhere in Nature and as old as the world itself, yet few people know about it, or ever think of this easy way of turning it to their advantage. A simple little device worn about the body at [illegible] sleeping enables any one anywhere [illegible] this wonderful force into action, and [illegible] safely and pleas[illegible]

[illegible] Manchester Ave, [illegible] "No words can ex[illegible] [illegible] 18, Middleport, N Y, [illegible]ke a hundred dollars." J. [illegible], Ky., says: "Am feeling like a boy again." J. S. Settle, 1117 Charles S[illegible] says: "It cured me com[illegible] care Southern Car Co, [illegible]: "I am 58 years of age and do not feel a day older than 25." Ernest H Kretsman, 41 Oakland St, Brooklyn, N. Y., [illegible] feel like a young fellow 20 years old."

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allowed, no matter where you live If not more than pleased with our values return violin AT OUR EXPENSE—and no harm done. Ability to play the violin brings social and financial success. Get a violin with a rich, mellow tone and it will create in you a desire to master it.

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Catch Fish, Eels, Mink and Musk Rats in abundance, with the new, folding, steel wire Trap-Net. It catches them like a fly-trap catches flies. Made in all sizes. Write for price list, and free booklet on best bait ever [illegible] for attracting all kinds of fish. J. F. Gregory K 210, St. Louis, Mo

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[illegible] Write today for [illegible] Write immediately

HAROLD LACHMAN CO.
12 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. C501, Chicago

LE PAGE'S GLUE 10c HAS HUNDREDS OF USES

PIGEONS PAY

Better Than Chickens Young pigeons (squabs) [illegible] 40 to 60c each when 3 to 4 weeks old. Big demand in city mar[illegible] [illegible] year [illegible] Very little space [illegible] needed to start. Free Book [illegible] [illegible] Squab Co., Dept. 87 [illegible]

500 TYPEWRITERS AT $10 TO $15

Typewriter prices [illegible] choice of any [illegible] machine at a bargain Every one perfect – guaranteed for 3 yrs – including repairs My free circular tells how to save 40 per cent [illegible]
DEARBORN TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE, Dept. 6-A, Chicago, Ill.

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Light Durable
Does Not Chafe Overheat or Draw End of Stump
Over 30 Years
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500 New Songs and Music Recitations, Toasts, Parlor Pastimes, Etc. 10 Cts

[illegible] Tipperary Chinatown, My Chinatown Chon Chon Leaves for Alabam' California and You Cubanola Glide
When Maple Leaves Are Falling In Dreams of Yesterday Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now When I Lost You
When the Roses Bloom Again Mother — A Word That Means the World To Me Alexander's Ragtime Band
[illegible] of Desert Grow Cold There's a Girl in the Heart of Maryland When We Were Two Little Boys
[illegible] of Sunnybrook Farm Twilight Waiting for the Robert E. Lee
Where the River Shannon Flows Are You From Dixie Trail of the Lonesome Pine
When I Dream of Old Erin When I Was a Dreamer Let Me Call You Sweetheart
I'm On My Way to Dublin Bay [illegible]
ONLY 10 CENTS [illegible]
[illegible]
WAYNE MUSIC CO., Dept. R-500 N. Dearborn St., CHICAGO

Danger in Delay.

But," objected Mrs Arbuthnot, "we must give ourselves time' I should want at least a week to plan and prepare

Not by any means'" insisted Arbuth [illegible]

But it takes time to organize a picnic

No. The more time you take to organize and plan the worse it will be. A picnic should be arranged as quickly as possible. You should have a picnic [illegible] today or tomorrow. Delay is [illegible]! You have to get people out to a picnic on the spur of the moment. It must be on a sudden impulse when every one is blinded by enthusiasm Don't give them a chance to think it over

Whenever people deliberate over a picnic it fails. The more time you al- [illegible] for thought the more reasons will turn up for the picnickers' not going. Twice as many reasons will turn up in two weeks as turn up in one.

I don't care how enthusiastic a per- [illegible] time enough he will develop enough reasons for not going to make it impossible and altogether out of the question. As a matter of fact, no one ever really has time for a picnic, and no one ought to go [illegible] one. When people go to a picnic it is because they have made the plunge without thinking.

You tell any one you are going to have a picnic tomorrow and he will say, Fine! There is no reason why I shouldn't join you, and, by jingoes! I will!"

But if the picnic is postponed and there is a week for thinking it over, that enthusiasm will shrivel up.

"Monday night he goes to bed saying to himself, 'Picnic Saturday' Fine" Tuesday he goes to bed saying to himself 'Pi[illegible] [illegible] 'That picnic! Ye gods" He wakes up in the middle of the night in a cold perspiration—the picnic' Thursday night he goes to bed with a heavy heart. That picnic has cut into everything he wanted to do, like an angel barring the way to paradise with a flaming sword. Friday night he lies awake all night, thinking, and Saturday morning he springs out of bed as happ[illegible] that it is utterly impossible for him to go. The millstone has dropped from around his neck.

"And therefore, I say, be merciful Have your picnic tomorrow and be done with it. Let the encounter be short and sharp. It is the only way

* * *

His Suggestion.

There was not even [illegible] the crowded car, for [illegible] hour, but one [illegible] woman, wedged [illegible] side the doorwa[illegible]

Each time the [illegible] lurch forward she f[illegible] and three [illegible] of a large, comfortabl[illegible] [illegible] he said, quietly

"Excuse me, miss, but hadn't you better stay here?

Classified Want Ads

Classified Want Ad Information

The rate for one insertion in Chicago Ledger and one insertion in The Saturday Blade is 30 cents a word, minimum 14 words, less 3% for cash. Each initial and group of figures is counted as a word, and the name and address are also counted. This is the minimum rate; neither more nor less is charged, irrespective of size of ad or number of insertions. An ad may appear in both publications of the same week, or in the Blade of one week and the Ledger of the next

W. D. BOYCE CO., Publisher, 500 N. Dearborn St. CHICAGO, ILL.

SALESMEN WANTED

TRAVELING SALESMEN WANTED—EXperience unnecessary. Earn big pay wh[illegible] you learn at home during spare time. Only eight weeks' time required. Steady positions, easy work. Hundreds of good positions open Write today for free book, "A Knight of the Grip" and testimonials from hundreds of students we have placed in positions paying $100 to $600 per month. Address Dept. B[illegible] National Salesmen Training Association, Chicago, New York, San Francisco.

AGENTS WANTED

AGENTS—HOME DRY CLEANER. THE best French dry cleaning right at home [illegible]eans clothing, silks, satins, etc. Saves dry-cleaners enormous profits. Women wild about it. 100% profit. Agents making $6 to $12 a day easy. Write for free sample offer and catalog of 250 other fast selling specialties. American Products Co., 4633 American Bldg., Cincinnati, Ohio.

WOULD $150 MONTHLY AS GENERAL Agent for $100,000 corporation, and a Ford Auto of your own, Free, introducing Stock and Poultry remedies, Dips, Disinfectants, etc., interest you? Then address Royoleum Co-Operative Mfg. Co., Dept. M, Monticello, Ind.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, FURNISHing everything; men and women, $30.00 to $200.00 weekly operating our "New System Specialty Candy Factories," home anywhere Opportunity lifetime; booklet free. Z. Ragsdale Co., East Orange, N. J

IT'S EASY TO SELL KLEEN-UP HAND Cleansing Jelly. Autoists wild over it. No water needed. Exclusive territory. In collapsible tubes. Sample 25c. Write McWilliams, Station E, Toledo, Ohio

AGENTS—500% PROFIT; GOLD AND SILver sign letters for store and office windows. Any one can put on. Write today for free sample. Metallic Letter Co., 416 N. Clark, Chicago

PORTRAIT AGENTS SEND FOR OUR large catalog. 16x20 frames 14c up. Portraits at 35c. Samples free. Credit given Address Friedman Mfg. Co., Box 120, Martinsburg, Mo.

1916's SENSATION! 11-PIECE TOILET ARticle set selling like blazes at $1, with $1 carving set free! Whirlwind stunt! Newcome made $18 one day! Write M. Pierce Co., 906 Lake St., Chicago.

LARGE MANUFACTURER WANTS REPREsentatives to sell shirts, underwear, hosiery, dresses, waists, skirts, direct to homes. Write for free samples. Madison Mills, 586 Broadway, New York City

AGENTS—ALMOST 100% PROFIT. WONderful new Mason Jar Cap. Sells every housewife on sight. Great seller house to house canvassing or county fairs. Address Hubbard & Kelly, Sand Springs, Oklahoma.

AGENTS—I'VE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. New stuff. 100% profits Sample and full layout free. Write quick Lacassian Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

REMNANT STORE, CINCINNATI, OHIO. [illegible] dry goods bargains on earth [illegible] store keepers supplied.

$10.00 PER 1,000 ALLOWED DISTRIB- [illegible] Soap Samples. Pocket Soap Co [illegible] N. H.

HELP WANTED

THOUSANDS GOVERNMENT JOBS OPEN to Men—Women. $75.00 month. Short hours. Steady work. Common education sufficient. Write immediately for free list of positions now obtainable. Franklin Institute, Dep't. L 30, Rochester, N. Y.

LADY OR GENTLEMAN TO TRAVEL FOR old-established firm. No canvassing. Staple line $18 weekly, pursuant to contract. Expenses advanced. G. K. Nichols, Philadelphia, Pa., Pepper Bldg

$250 FOR RELIABLE MAN OR WOMAN. distribute 2,000 free pkgs. Borax Powder with Soaps, etc., in your town. No money experience needed. B. W. Ward [illegible]stitute, Chicago

MAKE $50 MONTHLY IN SPARE TIME IF employed. Something new. No canvassing or investment. Daydark Co., Desk X St. Louis, Mo

BECOME CHAUFFEURS, $18.00 WEEK Learn while earning. Write us immediately. Franklin Institute, Dep't. L 810, Rochester, N. Y.

WE PAY 25c EACH FOR FARMERS' names. Send dime for contract. Sun Leroy, Mich

MALE HELP WANTED

A POSITION IS OPEN FOR YOU IN THE Government service after we have helped you qualify. My money back offer guarantees it. Write quick for big free book DA1[illegible] Earl Hopkins

NO STRIKE—HONEST, SOBER MEN EVerywhere for firemen, brakemen, baggagemen $120 monthly. Promotion. Experience unnecessary. 616 Railway Bureau East St. Louis, Ill

GOVERNMENT EXAMINATIONS — THOROugh instruction, $5. Returned if n[illegible] pointed. Particulars free. American Service School, Washington, D. C.

MALE HELP—(Continued)

I WILL START YOU EARNING $4 DAILY at home, silvering mirrors, free instructive booklet. G. F. Redmond, Dept. 400, Boston, Mass.

BE A DETECTIVE. EARN FROM $150.00 to $300.00 per month; travel over the world. Write C. T. Ludwig, 320 Westover Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

HUSTLERS—$20 TO $30 MADE WEEKLY distributing circulars, samples, tacking signs etc. Advertisers National Agency, Dept 460, Chicago.

BE AN AUTOMOBILE EXPERT IN SIX weeks. Our big book tells you how. Automobile Training School, 1052 Locust St., Kansas City, Mo.

WANTED—MEN-WOMEN. $75.00 MONTH. List Government Jobs open, free Franklin Institute, Dep't. L 170, Rochester N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

FREE TO ANY WOMAN. BEAUTIFUL 42-piece gold decorated dinner set for distributing only 3 doz. free cakes of Complexion Soap. No money or experience needed. B. W. [illegible] Ward, 218 Institute Place, Chicago.

LADIES—SEW AT HOME FOR US. PLAIN [illegible] steady work; no canvassing. Cloth furnished cut ready to sew. Send 20c coin to pay for postage and two made samples. A. & O. Supply Company, Ashland, Wisconsin.

FIVE BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES TO travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $25 to $50 per week. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 85, Omaha, Neb.

WOMEN TO SEW; MATERIAL PREPAID to your house. Plain sewing No canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prices paid. Universal Co., Dept. 54, Phila., Pa.

LADIES—MAKE SHIELDS AT HOME. $10 per 100; no canvassing required. Send stamped addressed envelope for particulars Eureka Co., Dept. 17, Kalamazoo, Mich.

WANTED—DUST CAPS MADE. SEND 26c; returned if dissatisfied. Household Garment Company, 4704 Ellis Ave Chicago.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

OIL! OIL!! OIL!!! BALD HILL OIL gushers of Oklahoma are making fortunes for small investors. $5 starts you owning land in our tract with profit-sharing contract [illegible] the land and drill for your bene[illegible] your life opportunity. Put wasted [illegible] monthly in oil that has made many multimillionaires. Full details free Write [illegible] Art Bldg., Houston, Texas.

$30,000 A DAY FROM OIL IN HUMBLE field where gusher wells pay thousands daily, we have valuable leases, we want to drill ten wells; expect to start drilling soon, wonderful opportunity for small investors, shares $10, payments $1 monthly, write for maps and literature Houston Oil Fields Association 1126 Carter Bldg., Houston, Texas.

OIL $10.00 INVESTED WITH US HAS MADE [illegible] Profitabl[illegible] free, which [illegible] make you inde[illegible]

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT [illegible]

NAMES

WE PAY 25c FOR NAMES. SEND 10c FOR [illegible] [illegible]rkhardt Millbank [illegible]

MISCELLANEOUS

WE BUY ROOTS, HERBS, WAX, ETC., IF [illegible]rly prepared Dandelion 15c; bur- [illegible] Send 25c, stamps, or coin for illus- [illegible] book Wealth in Weeds. Explains all. [illegible] refunded. Drug market advancing. [illegible] Pa.

FOR QUICK EASY MONEY READ THE [illegible] silver brings [illegible] E. 36th Place.

REAL ESTATE

A SMALL FARM IN CALIFORNIA WILL make you more money with less work. You will live longer and better. Delightful climate. Rich soil. Hospitable neighbors. Good roads, schools and churches. Write for our San Joaquin Valley illustrated folders free. C. L. Seagraves, Gen. Colonization Agt., AT&SF Ry., 1931 Ry. Exch., Chicago.

FARMS WANTED

WANTED—FARMS—HAVE 3,357 BUYERS; describe your unsold property. 746 Farmers' Exchange, Denver, Colo.

FARMS FOR SALE

POOR MAN'S CHANCE—$5.00 MONTHLY buys 40 acres productive land [illegible] South Missouri, price $200.00. [illegible] Box 425-S, Carthage Mo

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS

$50.00—NIGHTLY—START IN THE MOVing Picture business on our installment plan. No experience necessary. Free catalog. Moving Picture Sales Company, Dept. A, 540 Plymouth Place, Chicago.

$35.00 PROFIT NIGHTLY. SMALL CAPITAL starts you. No experience needed. Our machines are used and endorsed by Government institutions. Catalog Free. Atlas Moving Picture Co., Franklin Bldg., Chicago.

PHOTOPLAYS, STORIES, ETC.

SEND US YOUR IDEAS FOR PHOTOPLAYS, Stories, etc. We accept them in any form —correct Free—sell on commission. Big rewards! Make money. Get details now. Writer's Selling Service, 10 S. Main, Auburn, N. Y

OLD COINS WANTED

WILL PAY $3.00 TO $10.00 FOR FLYING Eagle cent dated 1856. We pay cash premiums on all rare dimes, quarters, etc [illegible] all rare coins to 1912. Thousands of [illegible] and bills wanted Send 4c for our [illegible] trated Coin [illegible] to you. Numis[illegible] Worth, Texas.

SHORTHAND

SHORTHAND AND TYPEWRITING taught Free in your own home. P. O. Box 426, Meridian, Miss.

PATENTS

WANTED, AN IDEA! WHO CAN THINK of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth Write for "Needed Inventions," "Patent Buyers," and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED. Free patentability search and report. Send sketch and description of invention. Latest and most complete patent book ever published for free distribution. (Ninety pages.) George P. Kimmel, 260 Barrister Building, Washington, D. C.

THE PATENTOME IS FREE. AN EDUCA- [illegible] taining patents Establ[illegible] [illegible] & Son, Attorneys, 713 7th St [illegible]

PROTECTIVE PATENTS PROCURED promptly. 104 pg. Blue Book free. Trademarks registered. Robb & Robb, 248-252 Southern Building, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS ON SQUARE DEAL FEE [illegible] Milo B. Stevens & Co. 637 F. [illegible] ington, 357 Monadnock Blk [illegible]

SONG POEMS

SONG WRITERS KEY TO SUCCESS [illegible] and facilit[illegible] [illegible] of sale. Submit poems Knickerbocker Studios, [illegible] Gaiety Bldg., New York.

PERSONAL

BEAUTIFUL "WAVY CURLS PRODUCED in 20 minutes [illegible] lifeless your hair is Harmless. Anybody. Stamp gets $1.00 [illegible] offer. Michael Riehsl, Cutler St., Newark [illegible]

PERSONAL—(Continued)

MARRY A RICH LADY. WOULD YOU marry a real nice lady who could greatly [illegible] [illegible]ndreds [illegible] [illegible]ighteen to sixty [illegible] [illegible] from $1,000 to $25,000 [illegible] More particulars, including hundreds of descriptions of ladies with many nice, large, beautiful photos sent free to any man who answers within ten da[illegible] eral deliveries.) Kindly enc[illegible] Address [illegible]

MEN ON THE DOWN GRADE. WITH pain across [illegible] small of [illegible] of energy and ambition. [illegible] appetite Remember [illegible] diseases. Book symptom [illegible] and ad[illegible] free, sealed. Hinze [illegible] Institute [illegible] Washington Ave., So. Minneapolis, M[illegible]

SUFFERERS FROM NERVOUS, WEAK, run down conditions should t[illegible] Pills. They accomplish marvelous [illegible] This medicine has more rejuvenating [illegible] ing force than has ever before been [illegible] Sent postpaid only on receipt of this a[illegible] ment and $1. by C. I. Hood Co., p[illegible] Hood's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mas[illegible]

A LETTER TO DR. ROWE THE SPECIAList will obtain his latest book on [illegible] toms and cure of varicocele, stricture [illegible] urinary diseases. Every man should hav[illegible] postage 4 cts. Send today. Dr. Rowe, 11[illegible] Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

LET ME READ YOUR CHARACTER FROM your handwriting. Mind you get a good reading that will help you in love, health, business and domestic affairs. Price 10c. Money back if di[illegible]

LETTER AND POST CARD EXCHANGE— [illegible]

LOVERS, SEND ONLY 20 CENTS, FOR $1.75 packages Patented Lovine Sachet. Real thing. Guaranteed. Never fails. Union, Box 100, Palatine, Ill.

MARRY RICH—BIG LIST OF DESCRIPtions and photos of congenial people with means FREE. Sealed. Either sex. Standa[illegible] Cor. Club, Grayslake [illegible]

MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; descriptions and directo[illegible] when married. New Plan Co., Dept. 3[illegible] [illegible]sas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH photos and description free. Pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Ka[illegible]

YOUNG MEN, OLD MEN, ALL MEN, STOP worrying. Enough said. You need P. I[illegible] Vigor Pills. Sent in plain package [illegible] Imperial Co., Custar, Ohio.

MARRIAGE PAPER—HIGHEST CHARAC- [illegible]

WOMEN WHO SUFFER AT PERIODS write to Mabel Richter, 2235 Seminar Ave., Chicago, Ill.

LADIES STOP WORRYING, SEND $1.00 for safe, extra strength tablets. B Medi Specialty Co., Grand Rapids [illegible]

GET MARRIED: LARGE, HANDSOMELY illustrated matri[illegible] free. H. Jahn, S[illegible]

FORTY-EIGHT HIGH KICKING GIRLS. Sensational Da[illegible]

SANITO COTS, PURE RUBBER THREE sizes, one for 25c, 3-50c, 7-$1.00. BL Rex [illegible]

"I'M READY," FASCINATING PICTURE, [illegible] Leslie Jewitt, Ya[illegible]

FUTURE AND PAST TOLD SEND 10c and birth date. James [illegible] Chicago.

FUTURE TOLD—10c BIRTHDATE FLOR- [illegible]

WIDOW, 35, WORTH $40,000, WOULD MARry. K. Box 584, Messenger, Los Angeles, [illegible]

LADIES TAKE COTTON ROOT TABLETS Monthly Regulator $1.00. Radium Mfg [illegible] Louis, Mo

LOVERS' PERFUME POWDER. SECRET [illegible]

GET MARRIED—BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published Mailed free. The [illegible]

GENTLEMEN'S ARTICLE 10c, DIME BACK if [illegible] Co., 24 Rose, A[illegible] Battle Cr[illegible]

MARRY: OLD CLUB OVER 60,000 MEM- [illegible] 125 Broadway [illegible]land, Cal

MATRIMONIALLY INCLINED? CORRE- [illegible] Send Names addresses and des[illegible] [illegible]

Chicago Ledger

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1885, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879

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By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

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1,250,000

COPIES WEEKLY.

GENTLE JABS

Some small minds have great thoughts.

One can't always measure a good time by the cost.

There's no place like home for a young man's best girl.

It costs more to be stingy than it does to be charitable.

Silent watches of the night are those we forget to wind.

A thing of beauty is a joy while it continues to win out.

Speaking of tongues—a woman can seldom hold her own.

Every dog has his day, but, like man, they always want more.

The politeness of a mean man is always more or less put on.

The optimist enjoys the fruit and the pessimist slips on the peel.

Some men try to get ahead in this world by holding others back.

Every time a lazy man looks at the clock the day becomes longer.

An ignorant man is usually ignorant of the fact that he is ignorant.

Nothing jolts a smart man so hard as being beaten at his own game.

Youth is going to do things tomorrow that old age didn't do yesterday.

When the day breaks some men are too lazy to make use of the pieces.

When a woman loves a man she loves to make him believe that she doesn't.

A man can never judge how old a woman is by hearing her tell her age.

A man may be all right in his way, but he frequently gets in the way of others.

Nearly every pretty girl is a piano thumper, and nearly every homely girl is a good cook.

Love may be blind, but the girl's father and the dog seldom need the services of an oculist.

And some people who are always prepared for the worst remind us of mourners at a funeral.

A man seldom realizes the worthlessness of his earthly possessions until he tries to pawn them.

The man who thinks he is the whole thing doesn't waste any time in trying to conceal it from others.

Probably a sympathetic tear comes as near being a panacea for all feminine troubles as anything on the market.

There is no place like home to the poor man whose wife has an idea that tobacco smoke sticks to her lace curtains—and he is glad of it.

Home and Health

FASHION NOTES.

Silk crepe de chine is used for elaborate sports coats.

Favorite materials for afternoon gowns are taffeta and faille.

Nearly all the dark grays this season have a brownish cast.

Sleeves are mostly wide and gathered into a cuff at the wrist.

The new fashion of the fichu makes the large quaint brooches effective.

There are washable buttons of white suede to accord with the leather trimmings.

Deep georgette crepe sailor collars are printed in a combination of colors and the designs edged with fancy machine stitching in colors.

A pastel-colored frock shows mauve and turquoise stripes on a dark cream-colored ground. Georgette crepe matches the ground color for sleeves, and mauve and turqoise silks make the girdle and trimming bands.

❦

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Turpentine will soften hardened shoe polish.

Rosebushes will thrive if soapsuds and dishwater are put on them.

Most any objectionable weed will die if it is cut off close to the ground and a little gasoline poured on the roots.

If a shoe pinches in any particular part, a cloth wrung out in hot water and laid over the place while the shoe is on the foot will expand the leather and give relief.

Stalks and stems may be very quickly removed from currants by well flouring the hands and rubbing the currants as hard as possible between them. This takes much less time than picking them separately and is quite as effective.

❦

RECIPES.

BEANS IN FRENCH WAY—For each portion allow a small teacupful and soak them overnight in water. Next day completely cover the beans with fresh cold water in a casserole or saucepan, adding more when necessary, but at the end not much liquid should remain unabsorbed. When they have cooked gently in the oven or by the side of the fire for an hour add salt to taste. For a dish to serve three or four, knead together with a knife on a plate a good tablespoonful of flour (preferably browned flour) and as much butter or bacon fat as will form a soft paste. This stir in in small pieces as soon as the beans are soft, and season with pepper before serving the beans as a substitute for meat. Two or three fried rashers of bacon may be cut into dice and mixed with the beans at the moment of serving those who must have animal food in some form.

❦

NEEDLEWORK.

Rope stitch is a heavy and lovely outline stitch, made usually with heavy thread or silk. The stitch is begun just like the ordinary chain stitch, but at the second stitch the needle is inserted to the left and just above the preceding loop. This forms a heavy twist.

A pretty bag was made of dark green poplin and a cretonne with a green background scattered with gay flowers. The cretonne was sewed to the bag at the top, but was not attached to the sides or bottom. It was finished in big scallops bound with braid beneath which the plain green was visible.

A particularly nice bag for holding letters or needlework is made of a combination of ribbon and crochet. The ribbon, about half a yard in length, is worked along either side with a wide border of crochet in colored mercerized cotton. The crochet and ribbon strip is folded in two and seamed along the bottom and at one side. At the top of the bag the crochet is arranged with eyelet holes to take a ribbon, and both the top and the bottom are bordered with edging. This completes the bag and it opens and closes with a draw ribbon. The daintiest colors are selected. The ribbon in one bag is shell pink with a blurred design in blue and green. The crochet color is blue of a very soft shade.

❦

THE IDEAL GIRL.

Does a man ever marry his ideal girl? This is the question asked by a "mere" man, and he continues in the following entertaining manner: I can't quite remember the date when my ideal girl first began to stand out distinctly in my mind, but I think it was when I was 25. She was a heroine of a book I had read, or, rather, a girl made up of the virtues and graces of a dozen heroines. She was the most adorable creature that ever was pictured. Her hair was a golden bronze, fine, silky, glossy, and long. No hair but this kind ever appealed to me. At first her eyes were gray, but I changed them to a sky blue, because I discovered that that sort is the most innocent and girlish. She was very tiny, just a little armful that I could pick up. Her hands were small, slender, and very pink, and her feet were just big enough for baby shoes.

In other ways she was a very wonderful creature. She could be childlike, cheerful and industrious, self-reliant and strong, a Joan of Arc and a baby by turns. I imagined her in times of plenty sitting at my feet like a child-wife; in times of hunger, turning out a huge beefsteak pie; in the springtime, scouring the house from top to bottom, a ministering angel in sickness, the fairest of the fair at a dance, timid when I felt strong, brawny when my confidence was low.

That's the sweetheart I chose, and, having thus set her up—a creature of beauty, wit, and work—the next thing was to find her and marry her.

I met a girl with golden-bronze hair, but she was tall; so, without considering her further, I tried again. Soon I was introduced to one with just the slight figure and appealing blue eyes of my ideal. Unfortunately, her hair was a rusty red, and when I imagined her at my fireside, I closed the acquaintance.

Strangely enough, within a week I met a girl who might have been the twin sister of the last, with this difference—she had the exact golden-bronze hair of my ideal. I was overjoyed. I loved her as soon as I set eyes on her hair and face, but I hesitated when I saw her hands and feet. They were large—huge! How could I kiss and fondle hands like those.

Since that I have met many girls who were nearly like my ideal, but not satisfactory. Those who were tender and childish, could not cook or mend, those who could cook and mend were big and practical. To one of them I nearly became engaged. She was pretty, slight, all I wished but for one thing, or, rather, two—her eyes were a pale red. Many times I looked into them, trying to make up my mind if I could accept them in place of blue. If I never looked into them excepting at twilight, we might be happy, I thought, but supposing some time in the morning sunshine I took that small face between my hands and looked for two blue eyes, to be met by pale-red ones! My love would surely die. I dared not risk it.

Does a man ever find his ideal? And if he does, is she the sort that would make him happy? I have my doubts. At 29 my bronze-haired, blue-eyed ideal is but a memory; and I'm afraid if I met her now, radiantly perfect, I should not suffer a heartthrob.

Another has taken her place. One day a medium-sized girl came along—a girl with bronze hair, brown eyes, a cheery good-fellow laugh and a heart bursting with affection. She has laughed me into liking her very much. What the next step will be I cannot tell, but I doubt if a man ever marries, or wants to marry his ideal girl.

❦

NOT A BEAR.

"I know I am a perfect bear in my manners," said a fine young farmer to his sweetheart.

[illegible]

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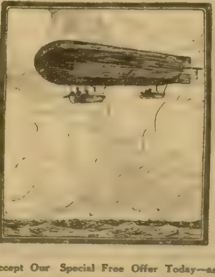

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A Probable Goner
Too Tame
Couldn't Settle
Nothing Lacking
For Others
It Ought to Do
The Result
Not Satisfactory
Thrift
En Route
Sympathy
A Shock
On the Bowery
Infant Curiosity
Airship
Up to Date
Recklessness
As It Works
The Perfect Man
Culture Rampant
There to Stay
No Improvement
Disqualified
His Little Joke
The Doctor's Art
Correct Estimate
Why He Faltered
Abroad
What He Knew
A Tricky Mascot
A Change Expected
Prepared for the Futu
Not While He Knew I
The Statue of Liberty
Unsuited for a Great Career
Nature of American Humor
Invaluable Assistance
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
A Terse [illegible]
Why He Didn't Get the Case
Necessity Knows N[illegible]
A Vivid Description
[illegible]
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On the Big Drive

Or, Glen Dayton's Fortune

By Milford Merrill

[illegible]

I[illegible] not [illegible] might go [illegible] his body out [illegible]

"Not much use [illegible] brushed aside [illegible] his sleeve. "Poor old B[illegible] more rabbits, no tree the [illegible] He's gone dead, and I am his [illegible]tioner!"

[illegible] a tragic attitude. [illegible] smiled in spite of himself. [illegible] walked from the spot, m[illegible] damp [illegible] the direc[illegible] point they reached in due time.

[illegible]ean Pebblow met them with a cry of [illegible]

[illegible] Dayton, with a glint of the eyes. "He saved my life, too. I should have been drowned but for Mr. Hectare——"

"That ain't so," roared the fat boy indignantly. "It was Brutus saved t[illegible] guy, and he's gone dead, besides," and again tears coursed down the ruddy cheeks of the captain's son.

Pebblow had to be told all about it, Phil standing near while the voices of his friends mingled in a sharp refrain of narrative, congratulations and general confusion of sound.

"Mighty close call for Glen, eh, messieurs?" from old Pebblow. "If he go drown, what de rest of us poor peoples do, tell me dat now? Better be careful after dis, Glen, boy."

"I was careless," admitted the [illegible] boss. "I shall watch out in the future since there's no stalwart Brutus to drag me to safety hereafter."

Phil, a silent listener to [illegible] benefactor's narrow esc[illegible] death, now stepped forward [illegible] hand of Glen. Said [illegible]

"Don't ever risk your life that way again, Glen. I think I shall have to quit the job here and act as your guardian while you are cavortin' around in [illegible]

[illegible] closed in death," and with that the Waukegan boy produced from a shelf in the cook's shanty his long silent oxhorn, on which he blew a blast that echoed up and down the Muskalong for several miles. There was something keenly penetrating to that beloved horn. Rube was interested at once. He took the horn after Jack had blown a few blasts, examining it closely.

"By cracky, that's some horn, Jack," said he. "Where'd you git it?"

"It's my gran'ther's old powderhorn."

"[illegible]gest powderhorn I ever saw," [illegible]

Jack Adams sat down crosslegged on a pine bench, and told the captain's son all about his horn, of the various adventures it had gone thru while he was running rafts for Glen Dayton on the Muskalong. It had once been stolen, and for many weeks Jack thought he [illegible]

"I think more of that horn than any [illegible]," declared Jack, with a wide grin, brushing a speck from the immaculate surface of the "tooter."

"Better let me take it to call the fellers to grub, Jack."

But Adams shook his head. "Couldn't think of it," he said. "That horn's too precious a relic to be doodled with by common folks, I tell you that, bub."

"[illegible]" [illegible] fat Rube Hectare, a flare of anger in his eyes. He and Jack rasped a little at times, despite the general good nature of both the boys.

Rube had not been long with the drivers ere it was known that he had a violin. In fact, almost nightly the boy would tune up the old fiddle and send strains of weird music thru the length of the bunking float. Not a man there entered complaint, altho sometimes [illegible]'s efforts were heard far into the night. One bluff driver declared that he slept all the better for the strains of the choreboy's fiddle floating across his senses.

"[illegible] scare up a few haybags [illegible] a dance," suggested one of the men.

"We might hunt up a few squaws," laughed another.

"Anything female would be all right!"

But none were forthcoming just at [illegible] month of April sometimes bestows upon the North woods, Rube sat rasping his [illegible]

The suggestion was soon acted upon. As it was Saturday night, the men would have a day of rest, so they were [illegible]

[illegible] in a [illegible] fid- [illegible] thick [illegible] body fr[illegible] k the fiddlestri[illegible] tuning [illegible]

[illegible]ll refused [illegible] seen enou[illegible] Next [illegible] and a blood [illegible] despite an [illegible] and went [illegible] to the top of [illegible] the side of [illegible] had hea[illegible] the men about wrestling. An[illegible] had the reputation of being [illegible]st square-hold wrestler on the [illegible]omebody had disput[illegible] had left an open [illegible] lance seemed a [illegible] matter out. [illegible]oop, Antoine, a [illegible] to the cente[illegible] his swanky as he [illegible] father stood [illegible] pride in his son [illegible] Indian [illegible]

"Fetch on your man!" shouted Tim Shontz, the voucher for the Indian.

A tall, athletic man stepped from the circle and confronted Antoine. Glen remembered having seen the man at Oxbow the previous season in a wrestle with some sailors.

The two came together in the center of the shanty floor. Antoine was nearly six feet tall, stocky of build, with muscles of steel. His competitor was even taller, a swallow-faced white man, with long arms, slender legs, yet plainly no mean antagonist.

[illegible] two styles of wrestling in vogue at the time, "square-hold," and "side-hold," the former being the more scientific, and the one generally accepted in all the wrestling matches of that day. Best two in three were decided upon to settle the case.

Phil and Glen stood at one end of the room, [illegible] first fall, in which the Indian easily [illegible] the crowd and stood beside the two mentioned.

"Ah, a wrestle, eh?" ejaculated the newcomer, who proved to be Jack Adams. Again the two came together. After a brief struggle the tall white measured his length on the floor. A great shout went up. Antoine had won the two falls and was an easy victor.

"[illegible] Antoine [illegible] man on de river!"

Old Alexander St. Peter uttered the defy, pushing into the center of the room. Glen was surprised at the vehemence of the generally mild-mannered old half-breed. Considerable commotion ensued. Several of the drivers muttered threats under their breath. The defeat of a white by an Indian, as the half-bloods were usually designated, was far from satisfactory.

"I wonder if this thing is open for anybody?"

It was Jack Adams speaking, his short form almost hidden by the men gathered about.

"Why, of course," said Glen. "Antoine, you will wrestle anybody here, won't you?"

The victor declared his readiness to "take hold" of anybody in the shanty. Jack crowded forward.

"Got a man, Jack?" queried Glen, laughing.

"You bet I have."

With that the speaker peeled his [illegible] into the center of the floor. Glen could scarcely suppress his surprise when he realized that little Jack thought of contesting titles with [illegible]

[illegible] this [illegible]

CHAPTER [illegible]

S[illegible] Glen, who lau[illegible] Jack, less than [illegible] big six-footer Antoine [illegible] be funny to-night.

"If [illegible] I'll br[illegible] stood and [illegible] the boy [illegible] center of the [illegible] big man co[illegible] arm with one [illegible] half-breed [illegible]

Murm[illegible] of disap[illegible] went thru the c[illegible] of log[illegible] would [illegible] of fist[illegible]

[illegible] stepped to the front, surveying the short, wide frame of his self-appointed antagonist. He measured the lad with [illegible]

[illegible] further protest. He [illegible] had been [illegible]pany, and [illegible] boy from [illegible] and fearless [illegible] But now [illegible]

The two contestants clasped hands in friendly greeting in the center of the floor. Hand on elbow and shoulder the two wrestlers held the center of attention. Jack wore light shoes, while the half-breed had on heavy Indian moccasins. Carefully the two moved their feet, up and down, sidewise, and now and then touching high on the le[illegible] felt the moccasined foot touch his [illegible] Instantly a quick jerk, a lightning [illegible]

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Agent's Directory List, Indiana, Pa.

POST OFFICE

and Antoine lay flat on his back with little Jack kneeling on his chest.

"That's one fall!" cried the boy, bounding to his feet, stepping back to toss his hair free from his eyes. A big cheer went up. Antoine regained his feet, scowling discomfitedly. His black eyes shone with anger and disappointment. That he was surprised was plain to be seen.

"White boy putty tough," he wheezed.

After a minute of rest the two went at it again. This time the half-breed was more keenly alert. He had felt too confident the first time; he meant not to be caught napping again. Nor was he, and the second bout was something worth seeing. At length Antoine caught his favorite "grapevine" lock, and bore down heavily upon his boy antagonist.

"He's got ye this time, Jack!" cried a voice.

"Shut up!" reprimanded Glen.

Now came the tug of war. It was the "grapevine" that had downed the tall white man, but Jack, who had had much experience with all manner of locks, was not easily overthrown. He stiffened his leg till the sweat started in great drops on the faces of both wrestlers. It was surely a tug for the mastery all right. The short thick leg of the boy defied the expectations of his wily opponent.

Suddenly there came a sharp snap, followed by a cry of pain. The giant half-breed loosened his hold on the arms of Jack, sinking white and limp to the floor, where he lay quite helpless.

"I'm afraid his leg is broken," said Jack, bending over his fallen competitor. Several men bent over the prostrate man.

Antoine groaned in pain. It was one of the unfortunate accidents that sometimes attend wrestling matches of the old style. Jack having suddenly stiffened his leg, the grapevine twist of the other was straightened, also, resulting in the fracture of one of the bones in the lower part of the limb.

The wrestling was over for the night. Much sympathy was expressed for the unfortunate Antoine, yet no one blamed Jack, who had won an unexpected victory over this celebrated wrestler.

The Waukegan boy was the recipient of many handshakes and congratulations. The manner of his taking down the bombastic half-breed pleased the log-drivers immensely. Nothing was too good after that for Jack.

One of the men led him aside and offered him a drink out of a flask.

"No, thank you, Jim," said Jack. "I haven't tasted whisky in three years, and I'd rather not make another start."

"All right, but you'll have to come to it, my boy."

"Come to what, Jim?"

"Whisky. It's the only thing that'll keep a man from being sick, wading as he is in water half the time. I'm strictly temperance to home, but here it's different."

"Every chap must be his own judge, Jim."

Antoine suffered considerably with his injured leg. Jack made it a point to go in search of medical assistance. He borrowed Glen's horse, Black Jim, and headed for the nearest settlement.

At the end of the second day Jack showed up with old Doc Meadows, who soon patched up the injured limb, assuring Antoine he would have to lie on his back in the bunk for at least a month. Hard lines for an active man, but Jack assured the patient that his loss of time and doctor bill would be made up to him, and they were. One of the drivers went around among the men with his old cap for a receptacle, and collected a hundred dollars.

The elder Lixy was inclined to feel ugly over the accident to his son, but when he saw how the driver crew felt about it, the old fellow smothered his feelings, seeming to make the best of the affair.

"I sure thought you was up against it, Jack," remarked Glen, some days later. "I had no idea that you could wrestle as you did. Why, you are an expert. I've seen Brady and Jack Burdy, and you are every bit the equal of either."

The two mentioned were "scientific wrestlers" of the period, whose names as wrestlers were Statewide.

The Waukegan boy grinned.

"Not quite Jack Burdy's equal, Glen," he declared. "I learned all the locks I know from him. That grapevine clutch is old, one I seldom use now, altho once it was considered great. Antoine isn't the first fellow that got a broken leg from using it. Some of my toe-locks will beat it to a finish. I wanted to try some of them on the half-breed, but he quit the game too soon for that. If you wish to learn square-hold wrestling, Glen, I'm ready at any time to show you a few tricks."

"Thank you, Jack," laughed Glen. "Maybe I'll take you at your offer some day. Should want to do the stunts in secret, and surprise the natives with my skill some day as you did."

"That's easy."

"But now I am too full of work. The river is dropping fast. We'll have to look sharp, or we'll be caught with a lot of logs on the flats. I need about twenty more men. Antoine is laid up, Phil isn't well, and old Lixy doesn't seem to half work since his biggest boy got hurt."

Glen's words about the falling stage of water were true. On several occasions the log-drivers were compelled to roll logs many rods where they had drifted during the freshet, and lodged when the water went down. This sort of work took time. At one of the worst spots, where several hundred logs had drifted into a swamp, a settler came to the rescue with an ox team and long skidding chain. With his aid the work was somewhat hastened, but the prospect of a long drought was not very pleasant to contemplate.

Glen went out after more men. Jack hired some who came in searching for this sort of work, so that when Glen returned he had a crew of over seventy stalwart log-drivers ready for business.

And work did not lag from that time onward. The weather was pleasant and dry, so that the stage of water soon became unusually low for the season. Glen pushed the work vigorously, however, and made better progress than he had at one time expected.

One day, more than a fortnight after the wrestling match on the float, Glen, who was out in the woods near some old shanties, heard a scratching, moaning sound that attracted his attention to the tumbledown building of rotting logs. The boy log-driver ran forward, pushed aside a bush that shaded the entrance to the shanty, halting on the threshold with a startled cry.

On the broken ferns and leaves lay an emaciated dog, his skeleton frame held from escape by a chain which had become entangled in the rubbish.

CHAPTER XIV.

GLEN felt a sickening sensation steal over him as he gazed into the red beseeching eyes of the nearly dead bulldog.

"Brutus!" exclaimed the startled boy.

An appealing whine from the dog quite filled Glen with sympathy. It was really Brutus, the property of queer Rube Hectare, and Glen had seen him go, as he supposed, to his death among the logs of the river. That was nearly half a month ago.

Where had the dog been all this time? How had he escaped from death? It was all a puzzle to Glen, who questioned the dumb animal in vain for an explanation.

The boy lifted the thin form tenderly in his arms. The weight was scarcely that of a bundle of feathers. Poor old fellow! How Rube would rejoice to receive back again the supposed dead Brutus! After going a few rods, Glen sat down, still holding the emaciated dog in his arms. He could see that the animal was near death from starvation, evidently having been a long time prisoner in the old shanty.

It seemed that Rube had wound the dog's chain about his neck, little suspecting how near it would come to dooming the dog to death. Even now Glen had his doubts about the poor animal surviving his long fast.

There were a lot of fat red wintergreen berries growing around his feet. Some of these the boy offered the dog, and they were snapped up with a pitiful fervor that touched the heart of our hero.

"Poor old chap," sympathized Glen. "You deserved a better fate after saving me from drowning. I'll see that you get your fill of good things to eat after this."

Rising, the boy hastened his return to the place where, at the foot of a considerable bank, the big float lay moored. He crossed to the cook's shanty and laid his burden at the feet of Jean Pebblow, who still held his post as chief cook of the drive.

"Saints in Heaven! What is it, Glen?"

"It's Rube's bull, Jean," said Glen.

"The t'under you say! Heem come back from the dead!"

"Almost," agreed Glen. "Where is Rube?"

"After some wood. He be back soon."

Pebbleow bent and touched the ribbed side of the bulldog. No danger now of a bite from those sharp teeth; the bulldog was as weak and helpless as a newborn babe.

Rube came soon, and nearly fell over himself in his excitement at seeing Brutus once more. He petted the sick dog, actually shedding tears of mingled pity and joy over finding the animal so near death from starvation, and yet in the land of the living.

"And now bring on the grub, Jean," called fat Rube. "My dog," kissing the nose of his pet, "is going to have one square meal before he takes his afternoon nap, ain't ye, Brute? Yes, of course you are," and he bent down so that the flabby red tongue of Brutus could flap about his face in vacuous joy.

"One moment," said Glen, placing a warning finger on the arm of the cook, who came from the pantry with a big platter laden with bread and meat.

"What," almost screamed indignant Rube, "ain't ye goin' to let my dog have all he wants after starving for a month? Glen, you can't be that mean!"

"Don't be too fast," cautioned Glen. "There's enough on that platter to kill two dogs like Brutus while he is in his present condition."

Thereupon the boy driver explained to the two the dangers of overfeeding one that had gone so long without food.

"Yes, yes, dat is so," agreed Pebblow.

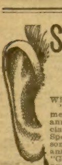
And Rube acquiesced after listening a while. He fed Brutus with his own hand, noting the eager snapping of the red mouth after the morsels of food. The poor dog was placed in a straw-filled box in one corner of the room to sleep off his exhaustion. He was not able just now to stand on his feet. The bulldog certainly came within an ace of passing over.

Inside of a week, however, the dog was on his feet, as happy and lively as ever, and Rube felt very much like himself again. He acknowledged to Jean Pebblow that he had felt very much like a murderer during the time Brutus had been absent.

Log-driving moved along smoothly enough, and the progress made was encouraging to Glen. Jack acted as foreman of one section, while Phil made himself useful as a man-of-all-work, going here and there at the call of his superior. As the warm weather came on, the cheeks of the minister's son filled out, giving place to a healthy tan. Glen was pleased to note this, for he was learning to like Phil Deckford more and more as time passed.

The month of June came in with the Big Drive at a point something over halfway to Oxbow.

Glen had not forgotten his promise to Letty Walden that he would be on hand to greet the graduating class on commencement night. Since everything



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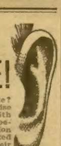

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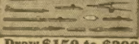

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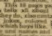

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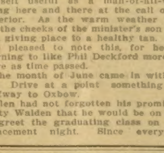

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If you, my sister, are unhappy because of ill-health, if you feel unfit for household duties, social pleasures, or daily employment, write and tell me just how you suffer, and let me send you **free, a 10 ten days' trial of home treatment** that has brought joyous, blessed relief to hundreds of women who suffered in a similar way. **Men cannot understand** women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any man. I want to tell you how to **successfully treat** yourself at home at a cost of about 12 cents a week.

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seemed to be prospering with his work, the boy thought it safe to leave the job for a brief vacation, and visit his Aunt Eunice and friends at Oxbow as well.

On his arrival at Wenago, Glen galloped directly to the door of the Beaver home, where his aunt was still sojourning. The boy had heard from her several times since his going into the North woods, and she seemed to be enjoying life in the small lumbering village even better than she had the more strenuous exactions of the larger town of Oxbow.

The two women, Mrs. Beaver and Mrs. Trescott, had, in the few weeks of their everyday intercourse, become fast friends, a fact that was very pleasing to our young hero, who was anxious that his aunt make friends and get on the world in the pleasantest manner possible.

Tossing his bridle over a post, Glen strode up the walk to the open door of the lumberman's house. Mrs. Beaver was the first to greet the young log-driver. She grasped his hand and bestowed a motherly kiss upon his cheek.

"My! but it seems good to look at you once more, my boy," exclaimed the mill-owner's wife. "You must have been pretty busy not to come and see us in all these weeks."

"I've been on the job all the time," laughed Glen, his gray eyes roving about in search of another form which they failed to see.

"Your aunt will soon be back," quickly spoke Mrs. Beaver, in answer to the question in the eyes of her visitor. "Just stepped out to the neighbors for a short call."

"All right. I'll go stable Black Jim and come back soon."

When Glen returned his aunt was there to receive her boy with open arms and motherly kisses.

"I know you can give a good account of yourself, Glen," said she, while pride and appreciation glowed in her happy face. "Mr. Weatherby called here once to see you."

"Is that so? He must have known where to find me."

"He thought you might be here a part of the time, he said. I told him we expected you down the fore part of June. He said that would be soon enough for his purpose."

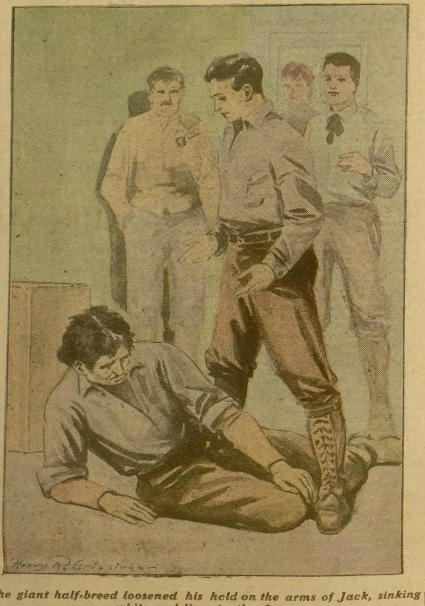
"And did he say what that purpose was, Aunt Eunice?"

"Something about the drive; nothing of importance, I imagine."

Despite his cool demeanor, a feeling of uneasiness came to the boy driver. He could not divest his mind of the thought that his having lost the drive contract might have something to do with the visit of the Oxbow magnate to Wenago. Of course, he would have continued his drive to the headwaters of the river had he been unduly anxious to see the youth to whom he had given the job of driving all the logs belonging to the Oxbow millowners.

"Do you remember anything he said, Aunt Eunice?"

"Nothing except that the logs weren't coming into the booms as fast as he thought they ought. Of course I knew nothing about that."



The giant half-breed loosened his hold on the arms of Jack, sinking white and limp to the floor.

"Of course not, auntie," agreed Glen.

He smiled when his aunt suddenly became serious, and asked him if he had quarreled with the down-river mill-owner.

"Oh, no, auntie!" cried Glen, quickly, anxious not to mar the present contentment of his aunt by the least shadow. "Mr. Weatherby and I are on the best of terms."

"I am glad to know that, Glen."

"So am I, auntie."

"I can't help calling to mind the fact that Mr. Weatherby has not always treated you in an honorable manner, Glen," added the woman, in a low, unsteady voice. "He seems to take delight in punishing those beneath him in the social scale."

"Punishing them for what, Aunt Eunice?"

"For being poor, I suppose."

"And therefore not in a position to resent his insults," cried Glen, firing up suddenly. "But we aren't poor, auntie. I have an ambition to gain a place in the world where I can meet Shedd Weatherby on his own ground, meet and worst him, if need be, in this battle going on between men called 'business.' I want money for no unworthy object, mother mine; but I do wish to get even with the money king of Oxbow, and I shall some day, if I live."

"Oh, Glen!"

"If we had money that girl of his wouldn't sneer at us, and domineer over Letty Walden as she has done, and they own cousins at that. There's something wrong in the nature of a girl who will do such things, auntie."

"Myra isn't half bad," unexpectedly spoke his aunt. "She has many good traits that I can't help liking, even if she is the daughter of the meanest old tyrant in Oxbow."

Glen was rather surprised at this good word from his aunt for the haughty Myra, whom once Aunt Eunice had affected to despise.

"I know what you think, Glen," pursued the woman, after a moment. "I know Miss Weatherby is high-flung and proud, but she has a heart all the same. I caught her sitting up with Bridget O'Connor's sick baby one night, and learned from that woman that Myra had helped her in a good many ways, supplying her with money, which I learned afterward was the pin money her father allowed her for her own exclusive use."

"That was good in her," admitted Glen, a sudden feeling of pleasure irradiating his being at this praise for Myra.

On the following morning, Glen drove up to the Beaver home with Black Jim attached to a buckboard in which his aunt was to accompany him to Oxbow.

The road was thru a well-lumbered country, most of it a blackened plain, with an occasional house along the way. At a point some ten miles out of Oxbow, Black Jim came to a sudden halt, snorting in alarm.

Next week's Ledger will contain further chapters of this interesting story. You will miss a great treat if you do not read it to the end. We will give you constantly the very best stories of entertainment that money will buy, so send in your subscription and take the Ledger regularly, if you are not doing so. You will not regret it.

* * *

Sorrows of Work.

"I can't go out tonight," sighed Mrs. Vuddles. "I am too tired. I had to wash the linoleum in the kitchen today."

"What?" said Vuddles. "You had to wash the linoleum! Where was the woman who is supposed to come here every Wednesday and do those stunts for you, who was so clean and did such fine work without your watching her?"

"Well, she was splendid, really, the first time or two, but she is gradually getting weak, especially at what she doesn't like to do. First, she slighted the washing, so I didn't let her do any more washing. Then she burned the ironing and I took that away from her, and today she slighted the linoleum."

"I suppose she is still able to sit on a cushion and sew up a seam, is she?"

"Well, I feel sorry for her. Some horrid people have treated her so mean, but there are other people who treat her nicely. Mrs. Bonedinger is lovely to her and always pays her carfare home. Mrs. Bulger always cooks something special for her lunch when she is there, and all the Bulgers are so nice to her and Mr. Bulger joshes with her and jollies her along. The Bulgers are lovely people, too."

"I suppose you are anxious to be classed among the lovely ones, aren't you? What do the mean people do to her?"

"They discharge her and say mean things to her, and tell her that they have to do her work over again after her, and they don't have good things to eat because they are poor housekeepers."

"Well, couldn't we hire some other woman without offending her or making beasts of ourselves? We don't want to be ranked among the cranks, but I hate to see you doing your own scrubbing and having that woman come here to do it for you, both at the same time."

"But, my dear, you don't understand. I can't have my clothes scorched, or my linoleum ruined, or wear dingy clothes, or have myself talked about among the other people she works for, so what can I do?

"She has a son, too, and she is very sensitive about her son. Mrs. Trenham offended her. When the son dropped around about mealtime Mrs. Trenham objected to having him eat lunch with his mother at her house. Pretty bad when a mother can't share her bread with her own son, but has to turn him empty away. It was awfully sad. Mrs. Barnacle cried when she told me about it, and I cried, too, and tried to comfort her."

"And I suppose young Barnacle has eaten at our house pretty regularly every day since," said Vuddles. "By the way, don't you want me to give him a job at my office? The next time you are troubled with him go up to him and yell this close to his ear: 'My husband is going to put you to work, work!' You will never be troubled with him again."

* * *

Well Recommended.

A musical director in Pittsburgh was organizing a philharmonic orchestra. An Italian acquaintance strongly recommended to him an old man who played upon a very antiquated and wheezy clarinet.

At the first rehearsal, however, it was evident to the director that the new candidate would not do. "He can't play the clarinet at all," he explained to the Italian who had recommended him.

"What!" gasped the sponsor. "That man no can playa da clarinet?"

"Certainly not."

The Italian rolled his eyes and seemed beside himself. "That man no can playa da clarinet?" he repeated, beating his breast in indignation. "Why, that man he fighta with Garibaldi!"

* * *

Not True to Nature.

"Mark Twain was visiting H. H. Rogers," said a New York editor. "Mr. Rogers led the humorist to his library.

"There," he said, as he pointed to a bust of white marble. "What do you think of that?" It was a young woman coiling her hair—a graceful example of Italian sculpture. Mr. Clemens looked and then he said:

" 'It isn't true to nature.'

" 'Why not?' Mr. Rogers asked.

" 'She ought to have her mouth full of hairpins,' said the humorist."

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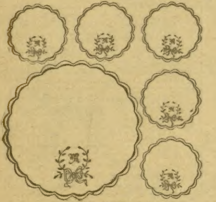
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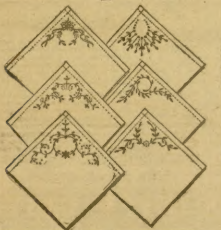
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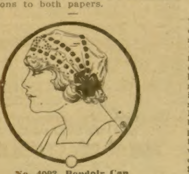
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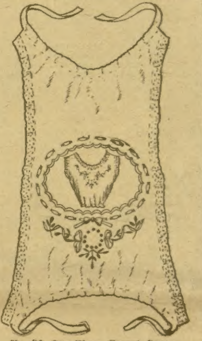
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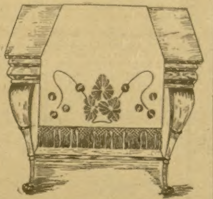
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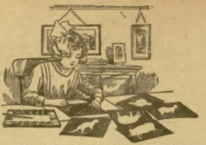
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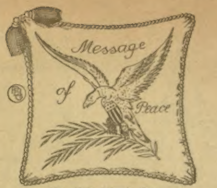

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"Pa, why is an ice wagon like a fish?"
"Don't know, my son, why?"
"Because it has scales on it."

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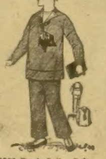
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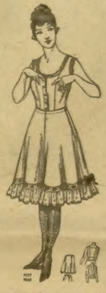
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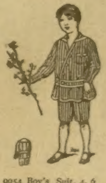
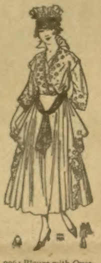
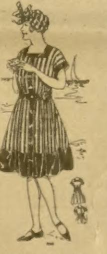
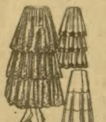
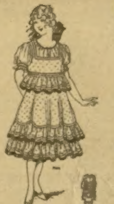
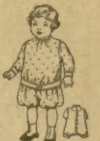

9054 Boy's Suit, 4, 6 and 8 years.


9063 Blouse with Over-Portion, 34 to 42 bust.
9075 Skirt with or without Drapery, 24 to 32 waist.


9068 Bathing Suit, Small 34 or 36. Medium 38 or 40. Large 42 or 44 bust.


8861 Flounced Skirt, 24 to 32 waist.


9069 Girl's Dress, 10 to 14 years.


8752 Child's Rompers 1, 2 and 4 years.

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THE FAIRY CORNER

CASTLE OF DREAMS.

Long before either you or I can remember, far away there was a place called Fairyland. In the midst of this Fairyland was a large castle, and in this castle lived Hope, Happiness, Wisdom, Future and all their numerous kin.

Now, many, many miles from here lived four orphan children, three boys and a girl, who were often hungry and had few pleasures. The girl, whose name was May, was a very sweet little girl, who was both industrious and kind, while her brothers were entirely different.

One day the eldest boy, John went out in the forest to chop some wood, as his little sister was cold and sick. Soon he grew tired of chopping, as he was rather a lazy fellow, and he threw down his ax with a crash, when a remarkable thing happened. The ax turned into a most remarkable fairy, entrancing to look at. "Here, here," said the fairy. "This is a poor way to seek for happiness. Why not go to the castle yonder, about twenty miles from here? There you will find happiness and content. But I warn you, besides happiness there are sickness and sadness. If you are in sore need of happiness take my advice. Take this road, walk straight till you come to the castle. Ring the bell. When the maid appears tell her what you wish. If you answer her kindly she will lead you to it. Now, I almost forgot to tell you, there are two rooms named Happiness. One is named Money, and the other Health. Now, be careful, my lad, which one you choose. Use your judgment, only remember that your little sister needs your help. Good-by." And with that she disappeared.

"Oh, ho," laughed the lad; "how fortunate! Does the foolish fairy think I will choose Health? I want Money. I will go home and tell of my strange adventure.

"Oh, sister, oh, brothers, gather around me! I can get money, plenty of it; how happy I will be!" But the foolish lad did not realize that health brings happiness, and is, indeed, more than money.

His sister said: "Don't go, John. You are the eldest of my brothers. What can we do when you are gone?"

John answered: "Do you think I am going to cast this beautiful opportunity away? Don't cry, sister, I will soon come back with lots of money and we shall be poor no longer. By the way, sister, have you any food?"

Sister told him that there were only two slices of bread left, which must be equally divided between them, but said she would give him her share. John was very happy over this, but did not realize the sacrifice the sister was making for him, as she hadn't had a bit to eat since breakfast, and now it was almost evening.

"All right," John continued, "I will start on my journey tomorrow."

The next morning he got up at sunrise and prepared to leave for the palace. Kissing his brothers and sister good-by, he went on his journey. When he got there and the maid asked his wish, he replied: "Take me to the room that is full of money."

The maid conducted him to a dungeon and gave him an ax, telling him to dig until he should come to money and then to dig another hole which would lead him outside again.

Now, as I told you before, John was a very lazy fellow. After he had dug for a while he cried, "Oh, I am so tired! I guess I will lie down and sleep on this old cot." He did, and lo and behold, the hole had closed up! When he awoke he was in despair. Soon the fairy approached and said:

"You have sealed your doom. You will now have to remain in this dark dungeon till your sister conquers the ruler of this castle, and then you may return."

"Oh, dear," sobbed John, "my sister is ill, and perhaps she will never be able to come for me. Why didn't I choose differently."

At home his sister and brothers were sorely troubled, because John didn't return and the brothers went to seek for him, taking the same road and meeting with the same fate. The sister, whose health had improved a great deal, went out in the forest and cried and cried.

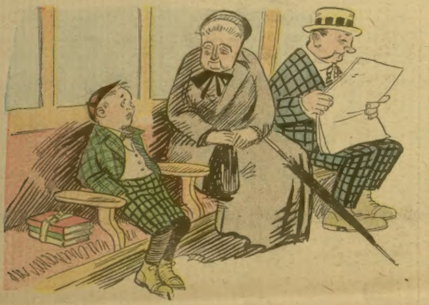
Soon the good fairy approached and asked her what the trouble was. May related her sad story. "Well, wipe your eyes and I will try to help you," answered the good fairy. "Walk on this road till you come to the sun (which is a very hard journey, I am afraid, for such a little girl to undertake). Do not even look at the castle you will find on the way, but go straight ahead. When you get to the sun, you will find a little red house. In this house live a number of winged monkeys. Tell them your story and do their bidding, and I am sure they will help you."

May's knock at the door was answered by the leader of the winged monkeys. "Come in, little girl," he said, "and tell me your tale of woe, and if you will clean our house, make our beds and do as we tell you while we are at work we will reward you."

May related her story, and the leader gave her a fine meal and bade her go to bed, as she must have been very tired from her long journey.

The next morning May awoke sweet and fresh. A fine meal was prepared for her on the table, but none of the winged monkeys was to be found. But May, remembering what they told her the day before, ate the breakfast and was soon at work, cleaning the house until it shone like gold. When the winged monkeys returned they were very much pleased at the way May cleaned the house. She did this for many weeks, and at last received her reward. The leader of the winged monkeys conquered the ruler of the castle and brought back May's brother.

May lived ever after with her winged friends, and kept house for them. And to be sure, the lazy brothers worked hard ever after, and gained happiness and wealth for both themselves and their sister.



The Elderly Lady (improving the shining hour with Biblical discourse)—"And what passage in the New Testament do you like best?"

The Youthful Victim—"O, that part where some one loafs and fishes."

❦

CLEVER.

"Jimmy, what are the advantages of living in the temperate zone?" asked the teacher at the close of the geography lesson.

"None," answered Jimmy, bluntly.

"Why, Jimmy!" expostulated the teacher. "You know we live in the temperate zone."

"Yes, I know," declared Jimmy. "An' it takes all father can earn to buy ice in summer an' coal in winter."

A few weeks later Jimmy was going into the third grade, having successfully passed the holiday examinations, and his parting with his beloved teacher was tearful.

"Oh, teacher!" he wailed, "I wish you knew enough to teach the third grade, so you could come along an' teach me next year."

Jimmy is getting along well in these days.

❦

A rolling stone isn't on the level.

LITTLE SINGING SEED.

Deep in the cold, black ground,
  Thru the winter weather,
Four little sister seeds
  Nestled close together.

One sang a cheery song:
  "Sisters, don't be pining;
Something tells me that above
  A big, bright sun is shining!

"Softly the breezes blow,
  Bluebird notes are chiming;
Let us travel night and day!"
  So they started climbing.

Soon something thick and hard
  Closed the path completely.
One little seedlet moaned:
  "We've acted indiscreetly.

"Oh, what a hard, hard world;
  Oh, I think I'm dying;
I know I'll never reach the sun."
  So she gave up trying.

But little Singing Seed
  Cried: "I feel spring weather!
We can push this weight aside;
  Now, then, all together!"

Lustily they tugged away
  Till they moved it slightly,
'Twas a brick from under which
  Their green heads bobbed up brightly.

"Oh, what an ugly yard!"
  Wailed one seedlet, sadly.
"Damp, small, no yard at all;
  We've been treated badly."

So the two left her behind,
  Lengthened out their tresses,
Looked about them for the sun
  And spread their pretty dresses.

"See, up this high brick wall
  We must clamber, sister;
When a seed makes up her mind
  Nothing can resist her!"

"Climb up that awful wall?
  No; I'll never do it.
If the sun's away up there
  I just can't get to it."

But little Singing Seed
  Clasped the old wall tightly,
Up and up and up she climbed,
  Airily and lightly.

Till at the very top,
  By the winds attended,
Kissed by the loving sun,
  She felt her journey ended.

Such a tiny, pale, sick boy
  At his window lying
Saw the pretty, swaying vine,
  And we heard him crying:

"Oh, mother, just look here!
  Here's a morning glory!"
Then she took him on her knee
  And told the seedlet's story.

—VENITA SEIBERT WHITE.

❦

A LOGICAL INQUIRY.

"Carry yer bag?" said an eager urchin to a man on Broad street hurrying toward the Pennsylvania station.

"No, thanks," replied the man, shortly.

"I'll carry it all the way for a dime," persisted the lad.

"I tell you I don't want it carried!" retorted the man.

"Don't yer?"

The lad broke into a quick trot to keep up with his victim's hasty strides as he asked, in innocent curiosity:

"Then what are you carrying it for?"

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